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AS I LEAN AGAINST THE CASEMENT.

BY CLARA WEST JONES.

As I lean against the casement,
Wrapped in musings, come there now
Tender thoughts of my departed,
Who, with dust upon their brow,
In the sleep that knows no waking,
Slumber calmly 'neath the sod—
(Spirits blest and now made perfect,
Chanting praises to our God).

And I gaze to where in splendor,
Ere to us he bids adieu,
Sinks the sun, tinting with golden
Earth's vast canopy of blue;
And it seemeth to my vision
Heaven's glorious gate to be,
Whilst strains of seraphic music
Bear the zephyrs unto me.

And beyond the jewsled portals
Of those mansions of the blest,
See I dear ones who have entered
Now into the perfect rest,
That He giveth His beloved,
When with earth forever done
Those who fought beneath Christ's banner
Wear the crowns their valor won.

There are, too, the cherished blossoms
Angels lent, who, for awhile,
Loving hearts did cheer and gladden
With the sunshine of their smile;
But with Spring's sweet early violets,
Drooped the pure gifts God had given,
And Death gently bore our darlings
To the radiant shores of heaven.

One arrayed in spotless raiment
Turns on me her angel face:
It is she upon whose bosom
Oft my infant griefs wouldst cease;
Through my tears there comes another—
O, my sainted one! my blest!
And my heart yearns with fond longings
For its olden place of rest.

And his face, so calm, so peaceful,
Looketh gently on me down:
Father, I for tears all blinding,
Scarcely see thy starry crown.

* * * * * *

Past the vision, gone the dear ones—
Heaven's gate I see no more:
Life's brief dream will soon be over,
Soon I'll reach the Eternal Shore!

THE LILY OF ST. ERNE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "ESTHER'S SECRET," "HELENA LYLE," ETC.

[This story was commenced in No. 8, Vol. 56. Back numbers can always be obtained.]

CHAPTER XXIV.

MR. PENRUAN'S SECRET.

It was some time before the young man could muster sufficient courage to approach that sash-door again, and satisfy himself that his first glance had not been a mistaken one. Brave as he was by nature, his blood was chilled now, and he could not overcome the sensations of awe and horror that assailed him. He stood in absolute darkness, for the day was rapidly closing in; and the few gleams of light that had penetrated the passage when he entered it could not reach to where he stood. All around him, therefore, the deep gloom and silence was so profound, that he could hear the loud throbbing of his own perturbed heart. With the disappearance of the dog Rufus, every connection between himself and the outer world seemed to have vanished. What lay on the other side of the door at which he was gazing—whether it were living thing or statue—he could not tell. It was a mystery that chilled him by its ghastly nature.

Already he saw that this portal gave access to that strangely fitted up room to which he had obtained admittance by means of the sliding panel in his chamber. Again he beheld the gaily-painted walls, where fruits and flowers were mingled. Again he could perceive the small shelf on which lay the tresses of flaxen hair, and that heavy-handled whip to which Eleanor must surely have been referring on the previous morning, when her taunting question had aroused Mr. Penruan to fury. From his post of observation he could also see distinctly the pile of silken cushions in the centre of the room. It was over these that the lamp hung, whose tempered light enabled him to obtain so full a view of the apartment. It was in much the same state as when he first beheld it—the pile of toys in the corner, the heap of gay ribbons in the other. Only in one point was there a difference. *The pile of silken cushions was no longer unoccupied.*

Upon them reclined a female figure. Over her lower limbs a velvet *couvre-pied* was thrown, so as to entirely conceal them. A loose, ungraceful robe was drawn up to her throat, but from the sleeves gleamed forth a pair of exquisitely white and well-rounded arms; and as she lay on her side, her chin was supported on the palms of her shapely hands. Her face was turned towards the sash-door through which Max was looking, with a sickening incapability to withdraw himself from the sight; for oh, heavens! what a hideous face it was that he beheld!

It was rigid, colorless as the features of the dead, with the stare of vacancy in the eyes that glittered so wildly. Masses of fair hair fell like a veil round it, but these abundant tresses were dishevelled, and matted, and lustreless; and on the slightly parted lips there was a mocking smile, as if the lady divined the emotions with which she had inspired Max, and felt no womanly regret that she was loathsome in his sight.

Who was this strangely secluded creature? The sister of Eleanor—the victim of one of Mr. Penruan's fits of passion? As the question presented itself, he fancied that she moved, as if about to rise and approach him; but Max had not fortitude enough to sustain such an interview. Shrinking back, he groped his way down the passage, and into the open air, looking over his shoulder more than once as he went, lest the owner of that white, rigid visage should be following, to spring upon him unawares.

It was not until he had reached the fountain in Eleanor's garden, and dashed the cool water on his head and face, that he regained his ordinary composure, and could withdraw his thoughts from what he had just beheld; and even then, as he hurried towards the fairy cave, he stopped suddenly, to battle with a hideous fancy that had crept upon him. He could not but remember that the room he had stumbled upon communicated with his own. Could it be its ghostly occupant who had looked in upon him from the sliding panel on that first night of his arrival at the Abbey? And might she not do so again? The bare idea of awaking in the stillness of night, and finding that visage gazing down upon him, was too unpleasant to be entertained, and Max resolved that nothing should tempt him to occupy any longer a chamber in which he must risk an intrusion so startling and so horrible.

And now he had reached the cliffs, and found the entrance of the cave to which Eleanor generally retreated when the peevish complaints of her mother, or the ill-humors of Mr. Penruan became intolerable. Had Letty preceded him? No; as his eyes became accustomed to the semi-obscurity of the grot, he saw that the rock-hewn seat was empty.

"Would she fail to keep her appointment?" he now began to ask himself anxiously, when the glimmer of something white lying at his feet made him stoop to ascertain what it could be.

It was a scarf—a little scarf of lace and muslin, such as Letty had tied round her throat the last time he saw her, and he uttered an exclamation of the bitterest disappointment. She had been punctual to the moment, and not finding him there to receive her, had departed—perhaps displeased at his apparent neglect.

Feeling that his good nature had for once cost him very dear, Max was putting the scarf in his bosom, when a little hand fell on his shoulder, and the next minute Letty was in his arms.

"This is indeed a great joy!" he exclaimed fervently. "I feared that you had gone away sorrowful, if not angry."

"Then you acknowledge that you owe me an apology?" she murmured. "It was scarcely kind to keep me waiting so long!"

"I believe, after all," said Max, "that I am not three minutes behind my time, dear love. Hark! The clock of the little church at St. Erne is even now striking the hour at which you promised to be here!"

"And so," faltered Letty, trying to release herself from his embrace, "I daresay you will think me over-bold for being the first to come here, and for growing impatient at your tarrying?"

"I could not associate the idea of boldness with you, my pure, fair lily!" was the enthusiastic response; "and it has a very pleasant sound in my ears when Letty confesses that she was impatient for my coming."

She began to dispute this. "Don't misunderstand me, Mr. Haveryng; I merely meant to say that it was lonely here, and—and—that when one has defied one's best friends by stealing secretly from their guardianship to meet a—a——"

"Lover," Max suggested, rather slily.

"—a comparative stranger," Letty went on, "every instant of time is pregnant with doubts of the wisdom, as well as the propriety, of the step."

"I'll not deny that meeting in secret, whether it be in a wood or a cavern, is repugnant to my own notions of what is right," began Max; and Letty withdrew herself from him with a hasty gesture.

"Then you are ashamed of me! You think that I have overstepped the bounds of propriety. I feared as much! Why—why did I come here?"

"Stay, love, stay!" he exclaimed, as he got possession of the hands she was wringing so piteously, and with gentle force compelled her to lay her tear-stained face on his shoulder. "Not a shadow of blame do I cast upon you! On the contrary, I should have deemed you unkind if you had not sought an opportunity of seeing me. Am I not your promised husband?"

"No, no!" she faintly answered. "I must not, I dare not say that!"

"THROUGH MY TEARS THERE COMES ANOTHER."

"But I say, yes, yes! We love each other; I am both willing and able to protect my darling; and I have a modest home ready for her in a fairer country than this, to which I will bear her as soon as she consents to be mine."

Letty sighed, and murmured that it could never be; yet she nestled closer to him, as if the prospects he held out were very delightful ones.

"I thank you fondly, gratefully, my lily," he proceeded to say, "for the proofs of your confidence you give me in coming here; but I also protest against the injustice of Mrs. Morison, who, for no other reason that I can divine than an unfounded prejudice, so unkindly strives to keep us apart."

"Aunt Esther thinks that she is right, and sometimes I am forced to agree with her," said Letty, sadly.

"But why? She would prevent our intimacy; but is it because she thinks that I am not worthy to be your suitor?"

"No, no—you must not fancy that!" was the earnest reply. "She has acknowledged that if you were not a Penruan, she should like you very much."

"Then she objects to your marrying at all? But this is absurd! So young, so beautiful as you are, does she believe that she can keep you secluded always?"

"Certainly not; and yet the clouds seem to thicken around my fortunes instead of dispersing, and I sometimes ask myself if it would not have been kinder if Aunt Esther had let me perish in my infancy, than to save me for a life so full of sorrow, and doubt, and perplexity, as mine seems fated to be!"

Max drew her tenderly towards him.

"Letty, there is no fate menacing you that you need fear while I am near you! Only give me the right to be your protector, and who shall dare to harm my darling?"

"And would you take me away from England—right away to some far country, where I never need hear the name of my own land again? Oh, Mr. Haveryng, what bliss it would be if I could fly my anxieties in this way?"

"Agree, then, to my wishes," he cried, ardently. "I have no ties to bind me here. I shall leave Cornwall without regret, except on account of Eleanor. Yes, I shall be sorry to say good-bye to Eleanor Haydon, especially just now that she needs all the friends she can gather about her."

"Why do you say this?" Letty interposed, with a jealous pang audible in her accents. "She has a lover of her own, and cannot need your aid or sympathy."

"On the contrary, both she and Captain Renton have more reason to be sad and sorry than you or I; and, therefore, I sympathize with both. They are too poor to marry, without Mr. Penruan pays down the young lady's dower, and there is much reason to fear that he will positively refuse to do this. But who knows, dear Letty? Fortune may so smile upon us when we are united, that we may be able to devise some way of assisting our friends."

"Oh, Mr. Penruan is base, cruel!" exclaimed Letty, so absorbed in the information respecting Eleanor which he had just given her, that she scarcely heard the latter part of his speech. "Is it not enough to have blighted the very existence of one of Mr. Haydon's unfortunate daughters, that he thus interferes to prevent the happiness of the other! How will it end? Are there no limits to the greed and selfishness that this man testifies?"

"Why should Mr. Penruan's faults move you so strongly, dear Letty? This is not the first time that you have spoken as if you have grave reasons for disliking, and even fearing him. Tell me, then, why? Surely, my devoted love gives me a claim to your confidence!"

Letty hesitated a moment, and then said, "Mr. Penruan has wronged me of some money that was my father's, under circumstances so atrocious in their wickedness that Aunt Esther has sworn to see me righted. But she and I are only two weak women, with so small a chance of being able to carry out this determination, that we are in constant dread lest he should discover our intentions, swoop down upon us, and put it out of our power to expose his villany!"

"Put your case into the hands of some intelligent lawyer, dear Letty. This is not the sort of affair that women ought to dream of managing themselves."

"Ay; and the money to requite his services, and the proofs that he would demand—where are they? Alas! we have neither, and our only remedy is patience!"

"But the patience that is born of so much waiting is akin to despair. Is this money very precious in your eyes, that you are so anxious to recover it?"

"Not for my own sake—oh no!" she answered. "It has been defiled—it has been fingered by evil hands, and put to the base purposes of usury and extortion. As far as I am concerned, I would rather live in old Dan's cottage all my days, and share his frugal means, than be enriched at the cost of such trouble to some and disgrace to others as would be involved in its restoration."

"Then let it go, my own Letty," he urged lovingly. "I ask nothing but this dear hand. You would not be fairer in my eyes if you were as richly dowered as a princess; and in the land I call my home, our wants, beyond what our garden and our fields can yield us, will be few; but were they many, I should be proud to labor for my own sweet English wife."

Letty was quite overcome by his disinterestedness and the fervor of his wooing. Her head sank on his breast, and for the first time she let him perceive how thoroughly his affection was reciprocated.

"And, Max, dear Max, I knew—I felt sure that you loved me for myself; and if I could forget how much I owe to the generous friends who have watched over me through many sorrowful years, I would say, 'Take me, then, to this home of yours, and let me try to make you as happy as I know that you will make me.' But Aunt Esther has been very good. She has my interests at heart; and if she is harsh and prejudiced, forgive her. It is only because she does not know you, and is over-anxious on my account. Grant me a little more time, Max, to convince her that you are the noblest, kindest, best of men, and then—and then——"

Her voice became inaudible; but Max kissed her passionately for the half promise so bashfully given.

"I cannot refuse anything you demand; only if Mrs. Morison still proves obstinate, what then? Am I to lose my Letty because her aunt refuses to have any faith in my good intentions?"

"No, Max; I am yours, whether I come to you rich or poor, for I feel sure now that you will not care which it is. But I cannot ask Aunt Esther to relinquish her long-formed purpose until every effort to regain my rights has been tried. I shall tell her this very night, after I leave you, that I have promised to be your wife, and she must either consent to admit you into our counsels, or agree for Mr. Penruan to be left in quiet possession of his ill-gotten gains."

"We need not envy him if he is," Max observed, impulsively. "With Eleanor Haydon's upbraiding face always before him, and such mysterious inmates beneath his roof as the one I saw to-night, his life must be very wretched."

"What do you mean?" asked Letty, testifying no little excitement. "What did you see?"

"Excuse me, love; I spoke my thoughts too hastily. Not even to you ought I to publish the secrets of the man who is both my relative and my host."

"But suppose I know already every inmate of the Abbey, and can guess whom you beheld?"

For a moment Max was surprised; but then he remembered the confidential post Mrs. Morison held in the Penruan household, and the riddle was solved.

"Still, dear, I would rather not talk about what I saw. The sight was too startling and shocking for me to feel any vulgar curiosity respecting it. I cannot doubt that it involves much that I should be pained to hear explained."

"How did you find your way into that part of the Abbey?" Letty persisted. "The door from the library is kept locked, and Aunt Esther has the key."

Max explained how the pitiful yelping of the dog Rufus had induced him to explore the ruins. "A step," he added, "which I have regretted ever since."

"Is it the first time you have ever seen Violet Haydon's retreat? That she is Mrs. Penruan's daughter, her name will tell you."

Max shuddered.

"Is the unhappy creature I beheld the sister of Eleanor?"

"The twin sister," Letty explained. "The last doctor who saw her, pronounced her to be hopelessly idiotic, and since his visit it has been deemed wisest to confine her entirely to the suit of rooms she occupies."

"Her mother—her sister—do they not visit her?"

"Never. Mrs Penruan's nerves would be too much affected by the sight—at least, so says the Squire, and therefore he has forbidden her to approach that part of the house. As for Miss Haydon, she used to return from her visits, breathing such bitter denunciations against the cause of her sister's sad condition, that the Squire forbade them also."

"I marvel that Eleanor, with her high spirit, permitted herself to be fettered by such restrictions," Max observed, his own honest indignation rising as he spoke.

"She did not submit to them willingly. I have heard Aunt Esther tell how she boldly defied Mr. Penruan to keep her from her afflicted sister; but he swore a furious oath that the next time her foot crossed the threshold of the chamber to which Violet Haydon had been removed, the idiot girl should be taken to an asylum in France, with the proprietor of which he was already in treaty. Eleanor held out till she saw this cold, cruel man, and then her fear of what those who were hopelessly at his mercy must have to endure, made her give way."

"Poor Eleanor! this must have been her hardest trial. Letty, I cannot stay much longer at the Abbey. If I had not pledged myself to await Captain Renton's return, I would change my quarters at once. To be obliged to sit at the same table, and live on terms of apparent friendship with Squire Penruan, is painful to me. I would as soon clasp hands with a criminal! Are you sure nothing can be done for the afflicted being I saw to-night?"

"The doctors gave up her case as hopeless years ago," Letty answered. "Have you never heard how it came about?"

"I believe I have gathered the facts from Miss Haydon's angry speeches to her step-father, but——"

"But you would rather not dwell on the subject? Nevertheless, I should like to tell you what I know concerning this sad affair, without any of those exaggerations you might hear coupled with it if others told you the tale."

"Would not Eleanor herself have narrated it, if she wished me to become acquainted with this family misfortune?" asked Max, vibrating between his sense of honor, and a very natural desire to know precisely how far his kinsman was to blame in the matter.

"Miss Eleanor Haydon was not at home at the time it occurred. When her father's illness proved fatal, she and her sister were sent away till all was over; nor were they suffered to return to their mother until after she had become the wife of Mr. Penruan. Violet Haydon was the first to be restored by her friends, who had been injudiciously fostering the dislike she had taken to her step-father.

"Mr. Penruan saw that the little girl shrank from him, and watched him with mingled fear and aversion, and he grew so morose and severe, that she still further avoided his presence as much as possible. But there was a deeper cause for this than a mere childish caprice, and so he seems to have suspected, for one day he pounced upon her in the turret-room, which was her favorite retreat, and questioned and threatened her, with no pity for her tears and terror.

"Aunt Esther has said that Violet Haydon was always a more placable child than her sister Eleanor, but difficult to subdue when once thoroughly aroused; and Mr. Penruan was so unlucky as to awaken the fiery spirit that lurked within her. But am I wearying you with this long story?"

"By no means; I am deeply, sadly, interested in it," Max answered; and she went on:

"The little girl was nursing a pet kitten when Mr. Penruan invaded her retreat, and in his ill-temper at what he termed Violet's obstinate sullenness, he caught hold of the little animal and flung it out of the window. In her frenzy of grief and indignation, the child struck at him with her hands, telling him he was a bad, deceitful man—papa had said so the night before he died, when she way lying on the bed beside him, with her arms round his neck; and papa told her that he had found Mr. Penruan out, and had made another will, which was in his old rosewood desk.

"Her incensed auditor gripped her by the arm, and forbade her ever to repeat this, but Violet was in too great a passion now to be frightened by his threats. He shook her violently, and menaced her with unheard-of punishments, but the only result was to make her declare more loudly than before, 'I will—I will tell every one that you are bad, bad!—that papa called you so!'

"Slipping from his hold, she rushed from the room, and he, only to silence her—as I firmly believe, and perhaps to prevent her from repeating this tale to the servants—as hastily followed. He had been out riding; the heavy whip he carried was still in his hand; he lashed the flying child with it across her shoulders, but she only fled on the faster; and then in a moment of frenzy, madness—call it what you will—he reversed the whip, and struck her with it across her head, laying her insensible at his feet, with her fair hair dabbled with the crimson stream that issued from the wound.

"He was the first to raise her, and to try every remedy that her faithful and heart-broken nurse, Esther, could propose.

"The affair was hushed up as much as possible, and very few presumed to doubt Mr. Penruan's assertion that the child had stumbled in running, and struck her head against a projection; but, unfortunately for him, one of the servants had seen the blow struck that prostrated the child, and it was from this eye-witness that Eleanor Haydon learned the truth."

Max no longer felt any surprise at the bitterness of speech in which Miss Haydon indulged when she and her step-father disagreed. Her inheritance withheld, her youth immured in the lonely Abbey, and her only sister lingering out a life to which death would have been a positive blessing—how could she know all this, and refrain from taunting Mr. Penruan when, by some fresh display of his mean and tyrannical disposition, he aroused her indignation?

Letty broke in upon his meditations by reminding him of the length of time she had spent in the cave.

"I must not stay longer. I am here without Aunt Esther's consent or sanction, and she will lecture me severely."

"Let me take you home, and if she scolds, I will bear the brunt of her anger."

But Letty said nay to this proposal.

"Frankly, dear Max, I am not prepared to tell you all my secrets yet. You must let me flit away even as I came, unquestioned."

"Still bent on mystifying me!" he exclaimed, with wounded feeling. "Is this kind?"

Stay," she said. "Before you accuse me, remember that I am not wholly my own mistress. I would open my heart to you freely; and more, I will do so ere long. But I owe it to Aunt Esther to first acquaint her with my determination."

"And she will argue and expostulate, and tell you, as she did before, that being a member of the Penruan family, never mind how distant, I must be a good-for-nought; and you, Letty, will you be able to resist wavering when you listen to her?"

"Yes," was the low and decided answer; "for if I were forced now to think that you deceived me, I should die. Oh, Max!" she added, clinging to him, and sobbing; "I am a lonely, friendless creature, with a horrible peril hanging over me, that even your love might not be able to avert. Promise—swear that if Mr. Penruan should ever come to you, and whisper something fearful concerning me—me who never harmed him, you will not believe it? Promise!"

"I do, Letty," he answered, soothing the agitation that convulsed her. "By our joint affection, I pledge myself to believe no slanderous whisper that anyone may utter. By your own actions I will judge you. Fling off this shrouding mystery; trust in me to defend you from all adversaries, and I will be content."

"Let me go," she murmured, when his endearments had tranquilized her. "I am giving Aunt Esther cause to reproach me by lingering with you so long."

"But ere we part, tell me when I may hope to see you again," he urged.

Letty mused for a minute or two.

"Neither to-morrow nor the next day can I agree to meet you; but on the third evening from this, I will be at the cottage of Dan Calynack, and then, Max Haveryng, ask me my history if you choose, and I will risk all and tell it to you. But if, when you have heard it, one feeling of repulsion towards your unfortunate Letty—one fear that it would be unwise to link your future with hers—should steal into your heart, then turn from me at once, and let us meet no more."

Max would have clasped her in his arms and assured her that nothing he could hear

from her lips would induce him to do this; but she eluded his embrace, and disappeared in the darkness reigning at the further end of the cave, leaving him to grope his way back to Mother Earth the best way he could.

CHAPTER XXV.

THE SQUIRE GROWS SUSPICIOUS.

While slowly crossing the garden, and pondering over Letty's strange speeches, Max vainly combated the uneasy feeling they had engendered. He had great faith in his betrothed's sincerity and goodness; but the cloud that enveloped her, troubled him. He could not be brought to conceive why there should be any cause for it. She had relations who loved her; and who, though in humble circumstances, were surely quite able to defend her from any acts of oppression Squire Penruan might attempt. He could only conclude that her more vigorous mind was swayed by Mrs. Morison's dread of offending her employer; an act that was to be avoided, lest it resulted in the loss of a post which, no doubt, was tolerably lucrative.

When once Letty had revealed to him all her difficulties, there should be an end of her terrors. He would prove himself a match for the Squire, or else carry his bride to Aquas Dolces, and there teach her to smile at every trouble she had borne with in her own less-favored land.

This resolve set Max planning and contriving how to make his hacienda most comfortable for a lady's abode. He sat all the evening, either absorbed in his calculations and endeavors to decide which room Letty would like for her own, and whether the magnificent creeping plants he had trained over the verandah would be in flower when they arrived, or imagining her delight and surprise at the beauty of the scenery surrounding his dwelling, till at last Eleanor began to rally him upon his abstraction. Her own spirits had risen since the receipt of a hurried note from Charles Renton, telling her that he had hopes of obtaining a berth in one of the Government offices; for although she still adhered to her resolution not to marry without her dower, that resolution was wavering and she was beginning to debate whether it would be very difficult to reconcile herself to poverty, and tone down the wants of a gallant captain in a crack regiment to so small an income as two hundred a year. Love, like Time, will often work wonders; and Eleanor was half-inclined to run the risks she had so often deprecated, and trust herself to the guidance of the little god.

Still, she knew that it would cost her a struggle to come to this resolve. To leave her mother and the hapless Violet helplessly in the hands of Mr. Penruan; to become a penniless wife, instead of bringing her husband the forty thousand pounds that her father had assigned as her portion; and, more than all, to know that this sum would swell the hoards of the Squire, were all hard, bitter facts, that chafed Eleanor Haydon's high and haughty spirit almost beyond endurance.

"You have been a poor companion to-night, Cousin Max," she remarked, as she bade him good night. "I hope the thoughts in which you have been buried have been pleasanter ones than those you have left me to dwell upon."

"I am very sorry for my rudeness," he answered. "How shall I atone for it? By proving more attentive to-morrow? What do you say to another sketching excursion? I should like to carry away with me some more reminiscences of the Cornish coast, and the weather promises to be favorable for the trip. Will you go?"

"If mamma has no objection." And Mrs. Penruan, hearing her name mentioned, woke up from a doze, to declare that she should be glad for Eleanor to have a little practice. She drew so seldom now, and forgot how soon she might be a poor, delicate invalid like her mother, and unable to enjoy any amusement. "If donkeys were fashionable for a lady to ride," she added, "and my figure permitted—and my health, of course,—I should like to go with you. No one seems to recollect how dull it is for me to be shut up here day after day as I am, with no society but my maid, and nothing to think of but my own sufferings!"

Mr. Penruan looked up sharply, but did not speak; and Eleanor, putting her arm carelessly about her mother, exclaimed, "Then why do you submit to be shut up here, dear mamma? It is not good for you. I have often told you so. Let us go to town for a few weeks; and while you are there, you can consult a clever physician, whose prescriptions will soon strengthen your nerves."

But Mrs. Penruan drew her shawl around her, and sighed and shivered.

"You take my breath away, Eleanor; you talk so fast, and so wildly! How could I, in my weak state, endure the fatigue of such a long journey? By rail, too! Not but what if *you* think, John, dear, that I ought to make the effort, I will. It is just the season for visiting London, and my wardrobe wants replenishing, and——"

"Can't you stay till to-morrow before you discuss this delectable journey?" snarled the Squire. "Don't you see that Mr. Haverying has been standing for the last quarter of an hour, waiting to bid you good night?"

"He'll not let her go," whispered Eleanor, as she followed Max from the room. "The cat never lets the mouse go beyond reach of its clutches. Yet I am sure the change would rouse mamma wonderfully. If I could have her to myself for a few days, I might even stir her into interceding on my behalf; but Mr. Penruan knows that, when not biassed by him, she is the most generous, the most affectionate of mothers, and he schemes accordingly."

"Nevertheless, hope on!" cried Max, so cheeringly, that Eleanor was beguiled into a smile, and thus they parted.

But when Max had entered his chamber, all his horror of receiving another nocturnal visit from the tenant of the ruins returned in full force. Much as he commiserated Violet Haydon, he could not overcome the repugnance her distorted visage had created, and to lie down in his bed with the dread upon him that she would steal in and be the first object he beheld in awakening, was too great to be conquered. On the morrow he would ask one of the servants to change his apartment; and, for to-night, he would make his bed on one of the couches in the drawing-room.

Stepping softly, to avoid disturbing any one, he went back to the saloon he had so lately quitted, and, with his rug and some cushions, prepared to make himself comfortable for the night; but either from the change of sleeping quarters, or the excitement occasioned by his interview with Letty, he was unusually wakeful, and lay listening to the ticking of a clock, on a bracket just above his head, till the small hours had arrived without weighing down his eyelids.

But now a measured footstep paced along the gallery above, and Max raised himself to listen. Mr. Penruan was walking in his sleep again, muttering as he came slowly down the stairs, and fumbling with the bunch of keys he held in his hands. He passed the door of the drawing-room, then returned, and, entering the room, walked towards a cabinet, and stood before it for several minutes in apparent irresolution.

The lamp he carried gleamed on his drawn features and widely-staring eyes, rendering him such an unpleasant object to contemplate, that the young man heartily wished he had not seen him. Nor was he sorry when, saying softly to himself, "Not safe there—no, not safe there!" the Squire walked away.

Max hoped that he would end his ramble by returning to his apartments, and mentally breathed an anathema when he saw, by his receding light, that Mr. Penruan was descending to the lower part of the house. Much as he disliked the idea of following the somnambulist, he was debating the propriety of doing so, when he heard a step following, and keeping pace with the Squire's; and assuring himself that under no circumstances could his own watchfulness be necessary now, he rolled himself up in his rug, buried his head in his pillows, and made another and, this time, more successful attempt to go to sleep.

Scarcely, however, had he settled to rest, and a vivid dream commenced, in which he saw himself at Aquas Dolces with Letty, when a cry of mingled fear and suffering made him start up in alarm. The cry was repeated, accompanied by a scuffling noise, as if a violent struggle was going on at no great distance; and as Max sprang from the couch, he heard a feminine voice exclaim, "Help! help! would you kill me?"

Guided by the lamp which Mr. Penruan had carried and placed on a table in the hall, Haverying sped thither, his progress quickened by the sound of doors opening and voices asking one another, "What is it?" Proofs, these, that the scream he had heard had been sharp enough to penetrate to the ears of those who slept in the chambers above.

At the further end of the hall a small door had been unlocked with one of the keys Mr. Penruan carried, and the brief glance Max had time to cast that way, showed him that a narrow flight of steps within led downwards to the cellars, where his host kept the very small stock of wine he dispensed so charily. Close to this door, the Squire himself was engaged in a desperate wrestle with a female figure, which he had borne to the ground, using so much violence as to extort once more the piercing cry for aid that had disturbed the inmates of the house.

"Be merciful, Mr. Penruan," Max exclaimed, as he caught hold of the hands that were gripping the female's throat, and rescued her from the choking grasp. "It is a woman whom you are treating so roughly. Do you forget that?"

He placed her on the nearest chair, and as she threw back the dishevelled hair that had hitherto concealed her face, he saw that it was Mrs. Morison whom he had rescued.

"How dare you interfere!" cried Mr. Penruan, who was foaming with passion. "She is a mean sneaking wretch—a spy—a contemptible, vexatious spy! If she were a man, I'd hang her like a dog—like a dog, I would!"

"Might I ask what Mrs. Morison has done to provoke such strong language?" asked a voice; and Eleanor, wrapped in her crimson dressing gown, her white feet thrust into her slippers, looked over the balustrades at the top of the stairs.

"Nothing very dreadful, I fancy," Max took upon himself to reply, though in his heart he believed Mrs. Morison merited in some degree the accusations levelled at her. "Pray, go back to bed, Miss Haydon. I do not think you will be disturbed again."

The Squire cast a vicious glance at the hesitating Eleanor.

"Do you hear?" he snarled. "Do you think I want everyone in the house glowering at me? Cannot I speak to an insolent servant without someone standing by to carp at every word I utter? As for you,"—and he turned fiercely upon the silent woman, by whose side Max thought it prudent to retain his post,—"I have found you out in your prowling, deceitful ways! I have long suspected you, and now——"

"Suspected me?" Mrs. Morison interposed, with an uneasy glance. "Of what, sir? I have served my employers faithfully. Of what fault—of what crime am I accused?"

"Don't bandy words with me!" she was sharply commanded. "You were dogging my steps—prying into my actions. Is this no fault? Bah! I always thought you were not to be trusted; and now I know it, and I shall take my measures accordingly."

Max could see that Mrs. Morison trembled as she listened to his harsh and angry sentences; but ere she could make any reply, Eleanor, disregarding her step-father's injunctions, joined them.

"What are you disputing about?" she inquired. "What evil deeds have you been committing, Morison, at this unearthly hour?"

"Mr. Penruan must answer that question, Miss Eleanor. He has been walking in his sleep, and——"

"It's false!" roared her master, growing pale, and blustering to hide his annoyance. "I'll not have this tale set about. Do you hear. *I won't have it!* Who dares to say that I walk in my sleep?"

"I do," said Max, coolly ignoring his threats. "I have seen you pacing the gallery above in a fit of somnambulism. You forget, sir, that you have yourself just given proofs that this is no falsehood, for what else would bring you, long after midnight, to visit your wine-cellars?"

But Mr. Penruan was strangely averse to this view of the case being adopted, and though he smiled and tried to appear at his ease, it was in a very flurried manner that he made reply, "Very aptly put, and cleverly urged, my dear Max; but what a pity to waste your powers of reasoning on—nothing! I felt indisposed, and not wishing to disturb any one, came down stairs myself to procure a glass of wine. This woman must have dogged my steps very closely, for just as I was unlocking the door, I found her at my elbow."

"If you were only going into the cellars for wine, Mr. Penruan, what signified whom you found at your elbow?" asked Eleanor; and was requited with a look so terribly vindictive, that Max took a step nearer to her, drawing Mrs. Morison with him. But the latter was evidently anxious to stifle further discussion, and, in a very submissive manner, she interposed:

"Pray, Miss Haydon, don't say any more. If I have displeased Mr. Penruan, I shall consider myself very unfortunate. Indeed, sir," she added, addressing herself to that gentleman, "I had the best of motives for—what I did. If I have offended you by it, pray forgive me."

"But you maintain that I was walking in my sleep, eh?"

"No, sir," she answered, still speaking with the humility that puzzled Max.

"And you had no other motive for following me than your fears that I was not well, or that I might meet with an accident?"

"No other reason," Morison murmured, after a momentary struggle with herself. "I have no cause to feel ashamed of anything I have done," she added, more firmly.

"Ah!" and the Squire glanced at her cunningly beneath his half-closed eye-lids. "Then I have done you an injustice. Dear me! how very much I regret it! But we are all liable to make mistakes occasionally. I hope you'll overlook my rough treatment of you, my good Morison."

"Certainly, sir, as you have expressed your regret for it;" and, making a curtsey to him, Mrs. Morison was moving away, when her master's voice recalled her.

"Stay!" said Mr. Penruan. "I have not done with you yet. I have one more little remark to make before you go. I don't allow my servants to be up, Mrs. Morison, after I have myself retired for the night, and I cannot have my rules infringed by either of them, however faithful and necessary to me they may consider themselves. As you have chosen to do so, I dismiss you from my service. *You have been here too long*, and you will quit the Abbey to-morrow morning. If I find you on my premises after ten o'clock, I will give you into custody as a trespasser. Remember that!—clever, plausible, innocent Mrs. Morison!"

The woman curtsied, and tried to preserve her air of composure, but in vain. Murmuring, "Then all is lost! My poor Letty!" she sank down on the floor in an agony of tears and sobs that ended in hysterics.

Max assisted in carrying her to the library, where he left her to the care of Eleanor, and went back to his couch in the drawing-room, to pass the remainder of the night in vainly conjecturing why this woman's dismissal was of such vital importance, both to herself and Letty.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

GIULIA'S GRATITUDE.

BY RAY DARLINGTON.

"Is the picture finished, Giulia?"

The young girl thus addressed, turned with a deep blush, towards the speaker.

"Yes, sir," she answered, with a foreign accent; "it is finished, and I am already busy with your second order—the portrait of myself. But look you at the signorina's picture. Tell me, does it please you? Is the painted copy as beautiful as the fair English lady? Are the eyes as blue as her own, the hair as golden, the complexion as pearly, the lips as smiling? Is it, indeed, herself, the sweet signorina, that looks at you from the canvass?"

"Herself, truly," said the young man, admiringly. "My beautiful Louisa will indeed thank you for your work. But I am impatient to see your own portrait, Giulia. I have a fancy that dark face of yours will make a wonderful picture."

"It is still unfinished," she replied, "but, if it is the signor's wish to see it, it is here."

"I do not like it, Giulia," he said, in a disappointed tone. "And yet"—looking into her face, and back again to the picture—"it is very like you; only the shadow, that I see hiding in your eyes in the picture, has crept all over your face. And the scene is such a desolate one—that dreary, barren shore, where you stand alone, looking longingly, hopelessly across the dark, still water, where there is not even a distant ship to break the death-like quiet. It is too sad. I would not so have painted you, Giulia!"

"It does not please the signor," she said, sadly; "yet I looked down into my own heart while I painted it, even as I looked into the signorina's heart when I painted her fair face without a shadow."

"Well, look down into my heart, Giulia, and paint yourself as I would have you, with every hope fulfilled, with every longing satisfied, and with the sunshine falling on your face and chasing away the shadows from your eyes."

And then, half reluctantly, as though wishing for some excuse to remain, William Ashton bade her good morning.

"He goes to see the signorina," said the Italian girl, looking after him; "and he bids me paint Giulia with the sunshine in her face, when in his presence only is my sunshine. O Louisa! Louisa! beautiful and crowned with wealth and honor, I envy you; yet not your beauty, not your wealth; but oh! I envy you *his* love; I envy you every moment you pass by his side; and you are my friend, my benefactress, and by every law of honor and gratitude, I am bound to you. For my money was gone when you found me, and the father was even then dead."

"'Giulia,' that father had said months before, 'you have power and skill, and I have taught you well. We will leave our fair Italy, where we starve, and go to England, where the gold is, where your pencil shall win you honor and wealth.' But the journey was long, and the father was old and feeble. It was not many weeks that we dwelt in the strange land, ere his eyes closed for ever, and I was left. My life was young and strong in me; I was alone, yet had no wish to die. The good woman where we lived was kind; I was a stranger to her, and how could I keep her rooms, and eat her bread, yet pay her nothing? I was not idle even in my grief, but no one came to buy pictures; for the city was so large, and I was only one in it, how could the great crowd stop to read my name on the the card in the window? Only the Signorina Louisa stopped and read, and she only came to Giulia. That was three long years ago; and through the signorina, and her great wealth and her many friends, Giulia to-day is independent. Giulia has even a little fame; yet Giulia paints herself with a shadow on her face, looking hopelessly over the dark river; but on the signorina's face Giulia paints no shadow, and all about her are sweet flowers and summer sunshine."

Then, turning to the English girl's portrait, she said, almost prayerfully, "May your life, signorina, be as unclouded as your own eyes, as bright as your own hair; and may Giulia's hand ever keep the shadows from your fair face, even though, in shielding you, they fall upon herself."

Louisa Huntington, the young lady alluded to, was the only daughter of wealthy parents. Even from her birth it seemed as if Providence had denied her nothing. She was beautiful in feature, perfect in form, idolized by father and mother, surrounded by friends, and the promised wife of one whom she loved devotedly. And now, as she stands by the window, evidently watching for some one, there is no weariness or anxiety in her gaze; it is rather the confident look of one to whom disappointment is a stranger. Her eyes grew still brighter, and a glad smile lingers on her lip, as she sees William Ashton approaching. He leisurely ascends the steps, and in a moment more enters the room; but his manner is languid, and the kiss which he presses on the white, upturned forehead is almost cold. But there is no indifference on the girl's bright face.

"I am so glad you have come, Will," she said, eagerly, "for I wanted to tell you about Emma Dismore's wedding, yesterday. I was so sorry you did not go, for it was really the grandest affair I've ever been to. The bride looked so nice, and her dress was the loveliest thing you can imagine; and she wore pearls, which, I think, are so much prettier than diamonds. I mean to wear pearls when we are married," she added, half blushing, as she nestled up closer to his side.

The young man had no lover's rapturous reply to make to this, and he almost pushed away the golden head that rested on his shoulder.

"What is the matter, William? You are surely ill," said the unsuspicious Louisa, frightened, but not angry, at his rudeness; for how could she, this petted darling of fortune, think that another was stealing from her the heart which she prized so greatly?

"No, I am not ill, Louisa," he said, without looking at her.

"Only a little out of spirits? Is that it? Well, let me see if I cannot guess the reason. You failed to secure the best seats for the concert to-night. No? Well, then it must be that Giulia Petroni has made a failure of my portrait."

A quick change passed over William Ashton's face; but Louisa was too unaccustomed to looking below the surface to read its meaning. It was rather her woman's instinct that told her that with Giulia lay the secret of her lover's indifference and apathy.

"Is anything the matter with Giulia, William," she asked, "or with my picture?"

"No, no, dear: your portrait is as perfect as yourself; her own is horrible. Go take a look at them, and judge for yourself. As for me, I must be off. I will call this evening to escort you to the concert: so look your prettiest, for every one will be there," he said, carelessly, as he waved her an adieu.

"Something is wrong," said Louisa, positively, after he had left her; "and that something concerns Giulia; and what that something is, I'm going to find out."

She rang the bell, and ordered the carriage, and ran lightly upstairs to prepare for her ride. But a very small thing lay between her and the accomplishment of her wishes—so small a thing, in fact, as her little dog, who, in some way known only to himself, got under her feet, and tripped her up, causing her to fall and sprain her ankle; so that her visit to Giulia's studio and her evening at the concert were alike impossibilities. And for the next few weeks she could only lie on the most luxurious of lounges, in the most tasteful of boudoirs, and receive, in her own sweet way, the many attentions which her friends lavished upon her. In William's daily bouquet of rare flowers, she read many loving messages; and, though he came seldom, her heart was too loyal to harbor a suspicion of his truth.

In the meantime, Giulia was hard at work, painting as she had never painted before. The shadow had fled from her eyes, and the red blood showed clearly through her dark cheeks. William Ashton spent most of his time in the little studio, criticising and admiring. Were they both dreaming—thus to meet, when meeting could only make the parting harder? Louisa was William's promised wife; Louisa was Giulia's benefactress. Ill, indeed, was she repaying her friend's kindness by letting that friend's betrothed, day by day, silently drink the intoxicating poison of her presence. Neither wished to wrong Louisa; but the tempter had come to them so subtlely, that they did not know they were being tempted until they fell.

It was one evening, when the sunset's red was flooding the little studio, and laying a purple gleam on the artist's dark hair, William and Giulia were standing together, looking at a picture which she had just completed.

"Louisa has quite recovered from the effects of her fall," he said, suddenly. "She will be here, to-morrow, to look at her portrait."

With one impulse, they both turned, and looked into each other's eyes. The next moment Giulia was pressed closely to his heart.

"My darling, my darling!" he murmured, passionately.

Only for a moment he held her thus. Then she gently released herself from his embrace.

"Go, William," she said, and her voice was round and full; and he, looking into her eyes, saw such love shining there as seldom it is human fate to win; saw such happiness unclouded there, that he almost shuddered; for perfect happiness is not for this world, but the next. "Go!" she said once more; smilingly adding, as he lingered, "Go; we must never meet again!"

And so, with a strange feeling of awe stealing over him, he left her, while the red gleam of the sunset fell around her like a glory.

In leaving her, he left all peace. He had promised to spend the evening with Louisa; but how could he go to her while his eyes still held the image of that dark, bright face? So Louisa looked in vain for him that evening; but the next morning brought the truant lover. Her carriage was waiting at the door, and she looked unusually pretty and fascinating as she stood, putting a wonderfully small glove on her aristocratic little hand.

"I've been waiting for you, Will, to go with me to Giulia's," she said; and he, not knowing how to refuse, helped her in the carriage, and took his place by her side.

A ride of a few minutes brought them to the studio. But the windows were closed, and it seemed strangely silent, and Louisa shuddered as they entered it.

"Where are you, Giulia?" she called.

The door at the back of the studio opened, which led into Giulia's sleeping apartment; and Mrs. Stephens, with whom Giulia lived, entered softly, with a look of sorrow and pain on her kind old face.

"Miss Huntington," she said, "Giulia Petroni is dead. She painted last evening until it was most dark, and would not eat any supper, though I had it all ready for her, and urged her to come and get it. She said that her head ached, and that she felt a strange sensation at her heart. This morning, I thought may be she did not wish to be disturbed; so I did not go near her till late, and then I found her lying on the bed, and a handkerchief—yours, I think, sir—lying over her face; and when I raised it, I saw she was dead. Will you come and look?"

Louisa bent over her dead friend; but Ashton shrank from the ordeal.

The usual investigation by the Coroner was held; and the verdict was death from heart disease. At the request of Louisa, the funeral took place from the Huntingtons' mansion; and William Ashton's absence on that day was not commented on, for it was known he was suffering with a low fever, which threatened to take his life. And all through the weeks of illness which followed, Louisa was his faithful, devoted nurse—never weary, never impatient. Her bright smile lightened the darkened room like a sunbeam, while her sweet voice, and soft, cool hand, soothed him a like charm.

Can you doubt how it ended? Giulia became to him like some strange dream; the infatuation which he had felt, died slowly away, as the fever left him; and he saw Louisa as she really was, innocent and unsuspicious as a child, thoughtful and unselfish as a true woman; and his heart returned to its allegiance, and he loved her, not with the passion he had felt for Giulia, perhaps, but with a better, holier, truer love, for there was no shadow of concealment or wrong falling upon it. Louisa does not know how nearly her happiness was wrecked; and she mourns for her friend with a sincerity that wakes a deep admiration for her in William's heart. They are to be married soon; and as that is generally supposed to be the grand aim of a young lady's existence, we will say no more of Louisa.

When William went to claim Giulia's portrait, he found she had completed it. There was the same dreary shore, the same figure standing by the dark water; but the red light of a sunset was falling full upon the face, and the eyes were looking hopefully towards the opposite bank, where, through the dimness which half concealed it, you could trace the outline of a shadowy hand, beckoning.

THE MISSING ARTIST.

BY R. A. T.

I was spending the most beautiful part of the year at the pleasant watering-place of Crayness, my usual summer resort, and a gayer, happier company than that which was then around me I have seldom found. Excursions, picnics, and all manner of enjoyments, were continually on the tapis, and never had time passed so pleasantly before.

One among us, however, seemed to take no interest in our gatherings, or in any of our pleasure-parties; and William Waldron's coldness and reserve were frequent subjects of comment, especially among the ladies. Young and attractive he certainly was, and possessed of brilliant colloquial powers, which I myself had often tested; for, strange to say, Mr. Waldron had repelled all friendly advances from others, and it was only after many persevering efforts that I finally drew him out of his reserve. Our sameness of pursuits had some influence, no doubt. We were both artists. I was strongly and irresistibly attracted towards the handsome, energetic enthusiast; and it pleased me greatly to find that in my company at least, he would throw aside the mask of reserve.

When at length I persuaded him to mingle with our little party in the drawing-room of the half hotel, half boarding house where we lodged, the fascinating young artist soon became a general favorite. I have noticed more than one fair lady's cheek blush with pleasure when William Waldron's dark eyes flashed into hers; but among all the ladies of our little set he seemed to choose Emily Burns, the merriest little fairy that ever danced on earth.

One stormy evening we were sitting in the well-lighted drawing-room, most of us in earnest conversation concerning the sphere of woman; I noticed that William was unusually quiet as the discussion went on, though his eyes were flashing strangely as he listened intently to our various ideas.

Suddenly I exclaimed to my opponent, "Say what you will, sir, when a woman has once lowered herself from her proper sphere, she has lowered herself far in my estimation and respect."

As I said this I turned my gaze full upon William Waldron's face, as if to ask his opinion. To my terror, I saw him spring from his seat with pale face and hands uplifted, as though suffering intense agony. Several gentleman sprang forward to aid him, when suddenly his arms fell helplessly by his side, and, hastily turning, he left the room.

"Poor fellow!" said Emily Burns; "he works so incessantly hard that it is no wonder that he is ill."

Her words were received as sufficient reason for William Waldron's behavior, and were verified when he returned to offer an apology for his abrupt departure, giving sudden illness as an excuse.

After that, William Waldron never joined us in the drawing-room again. More reserved than ever, he worked in his room, or with sketch-book in his hand spent days in rambling over the hills. I now seldom met him; or when I did I was pained and surprised that his interest in me seemed entirely gone, so cold and discouraging was his behavior.

"Mr. Waldron has left us," remarked Mrs. Leon, the landlady, one morning after we had taken breakfast.

"Left us?" I exclaimed. "Where has he gone, and why?"

"I do not know; he gave me no reason," was the response.

Now that he had gone, I found what a deep hold the dark-eyed youth had taken upon my affections. I recalled his graceful form, his musical voice and sad looks, and regretted keenly that I had not taken greater pains to secure his friendship.

I was walking on the promenade one day, just as the twinkling evening star shot forth from the sky, and hearing the roll of carriage wheels, I returned to the hotel. A travelling carriage drew up, and as occupant sprang out and came towards m I was surprised to find it was William Waldron. We entered the house together, but did not appear at the dinner-table Mrs. Leon was stating how glad she was to see him back again, and how pale and ill he looked, when he entered.

The next day the doors were opened and closed carefully, and the news of Mr. Waldron's dangerous illness flew from mouth to mouth. For a long time his life hung by a thread; but at last our good hostess joyfully told us of his sure recovery. A mighty load seemed to leave my heart, and I now waited anxiously for his reappearance. Great was my surprise and disappointment when I heard he had again left. As before, I inquired where he had gone; but Mrs. Leon did not seem to notice my question; and I impatiently exclaimed to Emily Burns, who stood near me, "It's very strange why Mr. Waldron thus suddenly takes his departure. Have you any idea of the time of his return?"

"He will not return at all, Mr. Lomas; for he——"

Here Emily suddenly stopped; and casting a quick, confused glance at my face, she turned away. I looked after the little nymph in surprise.

"Why should she know anything of Waldron's affairs?" I thought; and certainly she does, for she appeared strangely confused.

The next week I packed my valise and started off also, with no particular determination or destination in view. I visited every studio and art gallery I came across, half in search of William Waldron, and half despairing of ever seeing him again. My efforts were unavailing. I never met Mr. William Waldron again.

At last I resolved to settle myself in some place, and as Bath offered me many inducements, I decided to go there. Having several influential friends in Bath, I soon found myself in the midst of all the fashionable glitter, and participated in all the pleasure attending wealth. Invitations poured in upon the successful artist, and my time was constantly occupied in attending them. As I entered my studio one afternoon I found there an invitation to attend an entertainment given by Miss Rose Waldron.

"Perhaps this young beauty and heiress is some connection of Williams," I thought, and accepted the invitation.

The lady was unknown to me by sight, but by report she was no stranger. On the specified evenings I entered the brilliant saloons, accompanied by a friend, who presented me to the beautiful hostess. I noticed that the lady turned hastily at the mention of my name; and I fairly started with surprise, for William Waldron himself seemed to stand before me; only that the sad, worn look did not rest upon that face, and amid her surroundings Miss Waldron seemed an enchanted Venus. She must have noticed my long glance at her face, for her cheek was crimson; and merely pronouncing my name she turned away.

I was provoked at myself for allowing a mere resemblance to have carried me away so; and then, drawn irresistibly, I turned to look at her again, and met her eyes fixed full upon me. She was very pale now, and a strange thrill ran through me as I once more watched the striking resemblance to my friend, William Waldron.

"Pshaw!" I said to myself, "she must have a brother by that name. That is the reason of it. I shall certainly ask her if such is the case."

During the evening I found an opportunity of presenting this question, and I was assured that she had no brother.

"That is my sister at the piano, Mr. Lomas," she said.

I felt rather foolish; and, to relieve myself, I told the story of my deep interest for William Waldron. She listened politely—I thought interestedly—to the end; and then, after a few merry comments, she requested me to return to the room which we had left. I glanced at the burning cheeks and sparkling eyes, and then did as she requested.

I returned home that night strangely happy, with the permission of Miss Waldron to call again still ringing in my ears. I did visit her again, and many times—at first, because she reminded me so much of the lost William Waldron; and finally, because my heart was stolen by her.

In this pleasant manner a year flew by without noticing it; and then I asked Rose Waldron to be my wife. She sat very quiet while I was speaking. I could not help noticing how tightly her hands were clasped, and how excitedly she drew her breath. At times it seemed that the atmosphere was close, or that she was about to swoon away.

Finally, she looked full in my eyes, and said, "Before I answer you, Mr. Lomas, I shall tell you something that may change your mind."

Here she stopped suddenly, and after a great effort, she continued:—

"In a small country village, four years ago, a gentleman died, leaving two daughters to the care of an uncle, who had one son. This uncle, miserly as he was, allowed his nieces, and, indeed, his own son, the barest necessities of life. The younger of these sisters was an invalid, and needed more than these. This the other soon discovered, as she saw her sister, day after day, approaching the grave. One day she applied to her uncle for assistance, but was roughly told if she would consent to marry his son, more would be done for them than had been hitherto. The proposition was, of course, firmly and instantly refused. But seeing that the persecution of both father and son would soon be unendurable, the sisters one day left their uncle's roof, and betook themselves to a place where they were utterly unknown. For a long time the elder sister sought in vain for employment; and, at last, to avoid those persecutions which are usually offered a helpless woman, the high-spirited girl was driven to a novel expedient—that of donning male apparel."

Here the thrilling voice again wavered, and a light gradually crept over my mind. But I kept my eyes resolutely fixed on the floor until she recovered her courage and proceeded.

"The young girl now engaged a room for an artist's studio; and, to her joy, found that her talents and productions were appreciated. After a short time she was enabled to place her sister at a good school, where her health would be sure to receive proper attention. For a long time the young artist labored incessantly, scarcely leaving her canvas, and giving herself but a few hours' recreation. Part of the summer was spent at a pleasant little place called Crayness, from which she was recalled by the dangerous illness of her sister. When relieved of anxiety on her account, she returned again to her summer resort, but only to suffer many days of illness, brought on by over-exertion. During this illness the landlady of the house proved herself to be a true Christian and a noble, disinterested woman. Day by day she watched by the sick bed; and to her, and a warm-hearted girl in the same house, was confided the story of a young struggling artist. After her recovery the young girl learned that a large fortune had been left her by a distant relative. Once more the charming scenery was left behind, and with thankful hearts the two sisters took possession of their ample inheritance. And now, though Rose Waldron earnestly desires Mr. Lomas's good opinion, and knows that he does not appreciate a woman who has 'once left her proper sphere,' yet she has told him her story, and is ready to hear him speak for himself."

"And I, Rose, having heard your story, and understanding it, wait patiently to hear your answer to my question," I answered, quietly holding out my hand.

"Then you are satisfied with me?" she asked, tremblingly.

"Perfectly," I answered.

And her hand was lightly laid in mine.

I had my answer.

MAXIMS FOR A YOUNG MAN.

Never be idle. If your hands cannot be usefully employed attend to the cultivation of your mind.

Always speak the truth.

Keep good company or none.

Make few promises.

Live up to your engagements.

When you speak to a person look him in the face.

Good company and good conversation are the very sinews of virtue.

Good character is above all things else.

Never listen to idle or loose conversation.

Your character cannot be essentially injured except by your own acts.

If any one speaks evil of you let your life be so virtuous that none will believe him.

Drink no intoxicating liquors.

Ever live, misfortune excepted, within your income.

When you retire to bed think over what you have done during the day.

Never speak lightly of religion.

Make no haste to be rich if you would prosper.

Never gamble.

Never run in debt unless you see a way to get out again.

Never borrow if you can possibly avoid it.

Be just before you are generous.

Keep yourself innocent if you would be happy.

Save when you are young to spend when you are old.

Never think that which you do for religion is time or money misspent.

Secret of Beauty.

Ladies who use cosmetic to beautify the skin should always be very careful to use nothing but the very best preparations. Geo. W. Laird's "Bloom of Youth" has been in use for over twenty years, during which time it has been used by over a million ladies, and in every instance given entire satisfaction. For beautifying the skin it is far superior to any preparation in the world. Sold at all druggists everywhere. Depot 5 Gold street, New York. Price, 75 cents.

MOTH-EATEN.

BY MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

I had a beautiful garment.
And I laid it by with care;
I folded it close with lavender leaves
In a napkin fine and fair;
"It is far too costly a robe," I said,
"For one like me to wear."

So never at morn or evening
I put my garment on;
It lay by itself, under clasp and key,
In the perfumed dust alone,
Its wonderful broidery hidden
Till many a day had gone.

There were guests who came to my portal,
There were friends who sat with me,
And clad in soberest raiment
I bore them company;
I knew that I owned a beautiful robe,
Though its splendor none might see.

There were poor who stood at my portal,
There were orphans sought my care,
I gave them the tenderest pity,
But had nothing besides to spare;
I had only the beautiful garment,
And the raiment for daily wear.

At last, on a feast day's coming,
I thought in my dress to shine;
I would please myself with the lustre
Of its shifting colors fine;
I would walk with pride in the marvel
Of its rarely rich design.

So out from the dust I bore it—
The lavender fell away—
And fold on fold I held it up
To the searching light of day;
Alas! the glory had perished
While there in its place it lay.

Who seeks for the fadeless beauty
Must seek for the use that seals
To the grace of a constant blessing
The beauty that use unveils;
For into the folded robe alone
The moth with its blighting steals.

HOW NELLIE LOST HER CHANCE

BY ALISON.

(*Continued from No. 18.*)

I do not think Charlie pays much attention to the pantomime. Perhaps he has seen it before—at all events, I am sure he does not look very often towards the stage, and I cannot pay much attention to the performance either, for he will whisper to me, and try to make me look at him. But the other two do enjoy themselves. Richmal is beside herself with delight, and even Ada grows excited, and looks superbly handsome in her old white jacket. I see Charlie notices, rather uneasily, the looks of admiration which she receives from time to time.

"That girl will betray us," he says at last. "She can't be hidden."

There is a short piece—some little one-act drama—first; and then as the overture to the pantomime is being played, the dress-circle and boxes, hitherto almost empty, begin to fill rapidly, and we are almost as much amused in watching the groups of beautifully dressed children and young girls in the front row, as the stage itself. The children looked so happy, and the fathers and mothers so proud, and so pleased to see their pleasure; and the boys, with their white ties and white "kids," try so hard to look supercilliously at the pranks of harlequin and clown and pantaloon.

Presently Charlie whispers—

"Look at the box right opposite."

I look, and what do I see? Mrs. Poole, and two girls, one in blue and one in pink, and two young men entering the box! The girl in blue is my sister Nellie.

"Here's a *contretemps!*" Charlie says, laughing. "I do hope, for Nellie's sake, Mrs. Poole won't recognize any of her relatives in this derogatory position!"

I hope not either. It would not be pleasant for Nellie, dressed in blue silk, with a white camelia in her hair, to know that any of her party recognized us. It would seem so odd that one sister should be in the boxes in blue silk and the others in the undress circle in battered felt hats, without the shadow of a chaperon, too. I hope Nellie may not see us. Mrs. Poole, even with the aid of an opera glass, is, I know, too near-sighted to identify us, even did she know us better than she does.

I gaze at Nellie without telling Ada or Richmal of her vicinity, lest they should make themselves known. How pretty she looks, her pink cheeks flushed, her child-like face full of delight, the azure dress becoming her so rarely! The other girl is plain and red-haired, and Nellie evidently fascinates both the attendant black-coats. One is a tall handsome fellow with a soldierly air, the other smaller and slighter, with a pink face and a little fair moustache. I guess at once that this is the "lord."

Nellie seems quite self-possessed and at her ease, smiling graciously on the tall man, playing coquettishly with her fan, answering them both, as I can see by the movements of her mouth and eyes. But the little lord says least. He rakes the house carelessly from time to time with a small ivory lorgnette, standing behind Nellie's chair. All at once he looks in our direction—looks at Ada, as I feel sure.

"I do wish Ada hadn't put on that showy jacket," Charlie says, uneasily. "That little fellow in the Pooles' box will point her out presently to Nellie, and the cat will be out of the bag!"

But the little lord does not point her out to any one. He moves the glass away slowly, continuing his survey at the theatre, and Charlie breathes more freely.

"You must make her dress more quietly next time," he remarks. "She will always attract attention. None of you know how handsome she is."

The pantomime goes on to its merry end; the transformation scene, like all other lovely things, has passed away; we get out of the close, glaring theatre into the frosty starlight, almost bewildered, and half fancying ourselves still in fairyland.

"We must walk a little way till we get to a cab-stand," Charlie observed, buttoning up his coat. "Get on in front, children. Hess, take my arm."

I do not feel inclined to do this, however.

"Do take it, Hess," he pleads, in a whisper. "Won't you give me that pleasure, darling?"

The frosty glitter of Orion lights us home, Charlie's whispered words are in my ears—boyish words perhaps, without much in them except truth and faith and love, but that is enough for me now. I am sorrier than I choose to confess when we find ourselves at home, and Charlie kisses my hand hastily in the dark outside the door.

We are scolded, but not too severely, for Nellie comes home in the midst of it, and our adventures are as nothing in comparison with her triumphs. Mamma listens to her, looks at her, dreams ambitious dreams about her, and I am forgotten. But I do not think Charlie forgets me as he strides home to his lodgings, with the collar of his big coat buttoned across his chin.

Day after day Nellie goes out; evening after evening we help to dress her for parties, for concerts, for balls, for dinners; she gets endless invitations. Mamma often goes with her, papa too sometimes, but it is generally Mrs. Poole or Mrs. Watson who takes her about. They are both only too well pleased to have her with them. Mamma is obliged to spend a great deal on her dress, inasmuch that we six remaining ones are rather worse off than ever, but we don't complain. And it grieves Nellie more than us when the butcher's bill is reduced, or, rather, our supply of meat, and there is no butter to be had at luncheon.

But we all know that we have set ourselves upon a cast, and we are willing to stand the hazard of the die. It is not perhaps a very great or noble end or aim, but we at least bear our present privations unmurmuringly, each knowing that it will be her turn to triumph sooner or later. As for me, though out of the pale of this consolation, I am also above and beyond the power of such small things to injure. What is a luncheon of dry bread to me who may have a lover at my feet for half an hour or perhaps a whole hour before dinner-time? Charlie and I—public attention being wholly diverted from us—have a very good time together this winter.

One day, when we are all busily sewing at a new white tarlatan dress for Nellie, there comes a quiet little knock at the hall door.

"A visitor!" exclaims mamma, glancing desperately at the piles of white frilling littering chairs, tables, and carpet. "Richmal, run and tell Jane to say 'Not at home.'"

"Can't be anybody of much consequence to give such a knock as that," suggests Elly, trying to peer down into the street.

But Jane comes in two minutes after with a small plain card in her hand, and written in pencil upon it is one word—"Gaybrook."

"My gracious!" ejaculates mamma, surveying the breathless circle gathered round her.

"Hurrah, Nellie!" cries Richmal, jumping straight up and down five times in rapid succession.

Nellie takes the acclamations very coolly.

"He is nice—you will like him—it is civil of him to call," she merely says, gathering up her serial dress into smaller compass.

"What a pity we couldn't let him in!" I remarked, looking at my sister, and being surprised at her coolness, which I cannot help thinking is assumed.

"It is just as well," mamma thinks, still in trepidation. "This is no room to receive a nobleman in. I declare something must be done to it before he comes again. The carpet is a perfect show, and the curtains are dreadfully faded. It was a mercy we did not admit him, I think."

"What a fuss about him!" says Ada, for the first time breaking silence.

I look from Nellie to her, and wonder how it is that Charlie can consider her so handsome. She seems to me all wrist and throat and great black eyes. And she will twist her light hair in such an unbecoming fashion on the top of her head.

Mamma goes that very day to the nearest upholsterer's, and lays out twelve guineas on a new carpet and rep curtains for the drawing-room. Papa is very angry when she tells him what she has done.

"But you would not spoil the girl's chances for the sake of a twelve-pound note?" she argues, hotly.

"If her chances depend on a cheap set of curtains, I wouldn't give much for them!" papa answers, vexed and irritable.

"But would you like to usher Lord Gaybrook into such a hole as the drawing-room is at present?"

"I would rather be kept out of my drawing-room altogether. I see no possible benefit to result from having young lords about the house. They will not marry your daughters, but they will amuse themselves no doubt."

Papa's way of looking at things damps our aspirations considerably.

"I assure you Lord Gaybrook is not that kind of person. I have been introduced to him, and have seen him with Nellie. He is not at all the man to flirt with a girl. His manner is most reserved and respectful always, though very friendly. I am not in the least afraid to trust him here;" and mamma carries her point.

We spend a dusty day—fortunately a wet one, and therefore free from morning-callers—in putting the new carpet down and the new curtains up. The effect is bright and clean at least, though I myself should have preferred the old neutral shades to the new red and amber which now pervade the room. Charlie runs up-stairs for a few moments after luncheon, and finds me in the midst of the floor, sewing some binding on the carpet. I am very dusty, have an old apron on, and a red handkerchief tied over my head.

"Going to be a wedding?" cries Charlie, pausing at the door.

"Very soon," answers Richmal, who is looping up the curtains.

"Hurrah! I hope I shall get an invitation. Which is it?"

"Why, Nellie of course. Ma thinks Bessie will make the best match, but I can tell you I intend to surprise you all when my turn comes!"

Charlie leans over the back of a chair, watching me.

"You look like Marguerite in *Faust*," he says, presently. I wear my hair in two great plaits hanging down my back. But I do not see any other point of resemblance.

"Where are Nellie and the rest?"

"Nellie has gone to stay for a day or two with Mrs. Poole. Mrs. Poole told mamma yesterday that she really thought Lord Gaybrook meant something. But he is so quiet and undemonstrative that no one can say exactly till he actually proposes."

"And does Nellie care for him?" asks Charlie, pertinently.

"Oh, that is a secondary consideration!" I answer, flippantly.

"Is it indeed?"

Charlie is watching the big needle go in and out of the carpet—or rather my dusty hand plying it, perhaps.

"Certainly, when a coronet and twelve thousand a year are in question."

"He is not much of a fellow to look at."

"Do you think so? But then he is a lord."

"I did not think you were so mercenary, Hess."

"Perhaps I have changed my mind."

"Have you?" he asks, quickly, looking straight into my eyes.

I laughed at the desperate anxiety in his voice and face. He looks at Richmal as if he wished her out of the room, and she does run out of it presently, in answer to a call from Elly.

"So you think it is only a secondary consideration whether people care for each other or not?" says Charlie, kneeling down beside me the instant she closes the door. "Hess, look straight at me, and say those words again."

But I cannot, and therefore do not. Nor can I do much sewing for the next five minutes. Charlie at least does not care for the surroundings—elegant or otherwise—of the girl he loves! He looks as passionately admiring as if I had not an old red cotton handkerchief tied about my head and a sacking apron round my waist.

* * * * * *

In high spirits, and lovelier than ever, if possible, Nellie returns from her three days' visit to Mrs. Poole's. When we are alone in our own room at night, while we are brushing our hair, she relates some of her experiences.

"You remember that Captain Cholmondeley you saw the night we were at the pantomime, Hess?"

"Yes. A tall fellow with an eyeglass?" Nellie nods.

"He asked me to marry him last night, Hess, at Mrs. Winter's dance."

I turned from the toilet-table to stare at her. She is coolly plaiting her long hair, her little slippered feet on the fender.

"But, Nellie——"

"Yes, I know what you would say? But indeed I didn't flirt with him much. And he was awfully silly."

"And you have refused him?"

"Why, of course! He is as poor as—myself."

"But, Nellie, did you care for him?"

"Not a button! And now there is another coming on, a Mr. Hunt. Such a funny old creature, with a stiff arm!"

"He is not old, Nellie. I have often seen him riding by."

"He is thirty-five, if he is a day. How pleasant it is to have fur-lined slippers! Hess, I'll give you a pair when I'm Lady Gaybrook."

"And do you like Lord Gaybrook, Nellie?" I ask, watching her, the brush suspended in my hand.

"I don't think I have any heart," Nellie answers, half sadly, half in jest. "I feel as if I could never really care about any one—except all of you."

"You used to be very fond of Jack Chaworth long ago."

"Ah, poor Jack!" Nellie heaves a little sigh, and looks dreamily into the fire. "I often wonder what has become of him. He is dead, or married to a Maori, no doubt."

"If you had answered all the letters he wrote when he first went away, you would not need to wonder."

"What was the good?" said Nellie, yawning. "When people go away for five or ten years, it's the same to me as if they were dead. I would rather put them out of my head altogether than keep on waiting, and hoping, and thinking about them for ten times three hundred and sixty-five days. It's too horrid to think of!"

Nellie contracts her eyebrows, and stares into the fire. I fancy I see something glittering under her eyelashes which is very like a tear.

"It is a wretched thing, letting oneself care about a boy," she says, presently. "I wouldn't be such a fool as to do it. Just fancy the time I should have had during the last three years, if I had left my heart go to New Zealand with that young goose? Have you seen the pearl ear-drops Mrs. Poole gave me to-day, Hess? They are so pretty. I am to wear them with my new white dress at the ball next week. Do you know that I am engaged for nearly all the round dances already?"

We admire the pearls, sitting cozily over our little fire—mamma allows us a fire in our bed-room now, because Nellie is a person of consequence. Mamma is very well satisfied with the success of her scheme hitherto, and triumphs greatly over papa, who tried to nullify it from the beginning. That one of her daughters should marry a lord is a vision more sanguine than any she has ever allowed herself to indulge in, even in her inmost heart.

A few days after this, while we were fortunately dressed for visitors, Lord Gaybrook calls again. So far as can be detected, he never once glances at the carpet and curtains; but doubtless they have their effect upon him. He behaves himself very quietly—in fact, seems somewhat stiff and awkward—though there is that about his manner and voice which proclaims the perfect gentleman.

He calls very often after this, and is soon on friendly terms with the children, who take a great fancy to him, helped a little, perhaps, by the splendid boxes of bon-bons to which he treats them. He never gives Nellie anything that he does not give to all, not even a flower or a bunch of grapes. He is so perfectly unassuming that even papa, inclined at first to stand upon his dignity with the young aristocrat, soon likes him as much as any one. We do not exclude him from the dining-room, or even the dingy old school-room, when we are therein occupied; and indeed he seems to like best to be treated as one of ourselves.

We all watch Nellie as if we were spectators of a drama. She pays him very little attention, and evidently thinks of him merely as attached to a coronet with twelve thousand a year. As for mamma, there are no bounds to her self-congratulations.

It is the Twelfth Day, and we are decorating the room with holly and ivy for a little party of Elly and Cuckoo's friends, who are to spend the evening with them. The low-ceiled, uncarpeted school-room is a noisy scene when Lord Gaybrook is ushered into it at his own request. Nellie is not present, having tired herself at a dance the night before. But I am making holly wreathes with Charlie, who pricks his fingers devotedly in helping me; Ada is on a step-ladder, putting ivy around the high mantle-piece; Bessie is sweeping the floor, and the children are beginning to lay the table. There is a great fire in the room, and every one looks happy and busy.

Lord Gaybrook is soon as fully occupied as the rest—even Bessie's sweeping does not discompose him. We privately send up to tell Nellie that he is here, but she takes her time about coming down, and he does not seem in the least bored.

"I think you might ask me to your party, Cuckoo," he remarks, helping her to decorate the dishes with red-berried sprigs of holly.

"Would you come?" asks the child, preoccupied.

"Certainly I should."

"But there are only little people coming."

"Well, I'm not very big, am I?"

"No, you're not," Cuckoo answers candidly; though ma says you are a great person, I don't think you are. Charlie is seven times as tall."

"Cuckoo, you are very rude," Richmal says, with a glimmering notion of the malapropriateness of her sister's speech.

Lord Gaybrook looks up, laughing, and catches Ada's glance. Her cheeks are flaming, but she does not say a word.

"Do you, too, look down on me, Miss Ada?" he asks.

"At present, yes," she answers from the step-ladder. But, though she turns away her head then, he watches her still. Twisting the ends of his fair little moustache, I see the glitter of the great diamond ring, the only ornament he wears; he dresses very quietly.

Lord Gaybrook has an interview with mamma the same evening, and the result is communicated to us the moment he leaves the house. Mamma is almost beside herself; even papa is a little upset. It is such a very wonderful thing to have happened to us that we can hardly believe the evidence of our own ears; but Lord Gaybrook has asked mamma's permission, and through her, papa's, to pay his addresses to her daughter! Nellie takes the news very quietly, as usual. These things are beginning to pall upon the young beauty. But the others are in a state of frantic delight, and Ada, always ambitious, dreams golden dreams, and anticipates from Nellie's success a still more splendid future for herself.

But mamma has some difficulty after all with Nellie. The girl either feels or assumes a wilfulness of which she has before shown no symptom.

"Just a feather-weight would incline me to refuse him," she says, leaning back in a little easy chair before the drawing-room fire.

Mamma, staring at her, is nearly dumb with horror.

"Are you mad, Nellie?" she gasps.

"No, not a bit, mother. But I do not think I shall marry Lord Gaybrook."

"But why—why? After all my trouble—all my expense!"

"I do not like the man," Nellie asserts, gravely; "it would be hateful to marry him. I would rather even have Captain Cholmondeley or old Hunt."

"Oh, Nellie, don't disappoint me—don't destroy everything!" implores mamma, beginning to cry.

Nellie cannot bear to see any one shed tears, so she throws her arms round her mother's neck and promises to marry Gaybrook whether she likes him or not.

The next day is a stormy one; we are all kept indoors, and nobody comes to the house. In the afternoon mamma is obliged to go out and see a sick friend, and papa and Charlie Escott are called out of town on some legal business. The dusk is falling gloomily, and, standing in the drawing-room window, I am watching the lamplighter coming up the street, Nellie being in her favorite chair near the fire, when a knock comes at the hall-door. It is a loud, quick knock, and it makes Nellie start.

"Why, who is that?" she exclaims, hurriedly.

"I don't know. Isn't it like——"

"Yes, yes, but it couldn't be."

But it is. A tall young fellow in a rough gray suit, with bright, bold hazel eyes, comes dashing into the room, the frosty fog clinging to his hair, to his eyelashes, to his rough coat.

"Jack!"

"Nellie!"

He holds her in his strong arms, and clasps her to his heart as if he would never let her go. I believe they are both mad for a moment. Ah, Nellie, I am afraid you have made a mistake!

"My own darling! And do you love me still, Nellie?"

And perfidious Nellie says she does. Poor Lord Gaybrook! Poor mamma! I run out of the room and have a good cry upstairs.

Half an hour later Nellie and I are alone in the room. Mamma has not yet come in.

"Oh, Nellie, you unfortunate girl! What a dilemma you have got yourself into! What on earth will mamma say?"

"I don't know," Nellie answers. "I can't help it. Nothing in the wide world would make me give up Jack now."

"And you wondered at me and Charlie!"

"Oh, Charlie! But isn't Jack handsome Hess? What grand eyes he has, and how he has grown!"

"But he is as poor as ever, Nellie."

"Not quite. He has a farm in New Zealand, and I am going back with him before next month.

"Poor mamma!"

"Well, she has got me off, at all events," Nellie observes, hysterically. "There will be one the less to feed. And, oh, Hess, I never was so happy in my life!"

But I was thinking, with a sinking heart, of what mamma would say—of the debts contracted for the furtherance of this alliance, so long hoped for—of the lift it would have been to the family generally.

"I think Lord Gaybrook came in just now," I say, presently. "Hadn't you better go down, Nellie, and tell him the truth at once? It would be only fair."

"I sent Ada down to keep him amused for a little. I suppose I must go now;" and Nellie makes a grimace.

But Ada comes in the room as she is speaking. The girl's face looks splendidly handsome, the great dark eyes ablaze.

"You needn't be afraid of mamma, Nellie," she says, quietly. "Lord Gaybrook has just asked me to marry him, and I said 'Yes.' Isn't it the luckiest thing that ever happened? He says he admired me from that night he saw me at the theatre, and determined even then that I should be Lady Gaybrook. He wonders I did not see it long ago, but I don't know who could. He wants me to marry him in March, Hess, so I don't see why we shouldn't all go off together. Nellie must not make Jack wait."

And we do all three go off together in a very pretty triple wedding, the bridesmaids in swansdown and snowdrops, and the sun shining on a snow-white world.

THE END.

INFLUENCE OF A MOTHER'S TEARS.

History records no more suggestive incident than the memorable termination of the siege of Rome by Coriolanus. No child ever perused the narrative without extraordinary emotion. There is something in it which appeals with an effect that may not be resisted to the heart and the consciousness of all. Who has not in imagination dwelt upon the scene? A stout and sturdy warrior, steeled by years of active military services against the pitiful appeals of suffering humanity—the victim of fierce and ungovernable passions—smarting under a keen sense of accumulated wrong—consecrates the energies of his life to the avenging of his injury, and exiled from the city whose annals his military prowess has adorned, sallies forth, the infuriated minister of wrath. Sacrificing all higher and more ennobling aspirations—sullying for ever the hard-earned laurels of the victor of Corioli—he seeks, even at the price of a traitor's fame, to purchase a satisfying vengeance. Rallying around him an army of the enemy he had prostrated for her, he throws himself with an exulting legion upon the offending city, and thunders at her gates. Appalled and prostrate at the realization of her seemingly inevitable doom, Rome trembles before him. With humbled pride; her haughty senators, in solemn procession, come to sue for mercy. Disdainfully repulsed, they despatched the minister of their religion to woo with the hopes of future bliss and intimidate with the prospect of a coming retribution. But all in vain. Unrelenting and unmoved by every appeal, the stern veteran relaxes not his purpose. Then come the mother's tears. Bending under the weight of years—sustained by a holy hope—the aged matron sallied forth. Who can paint the scene? Who may realize the meeting? In the most insensate soul there are treasured associations and memories which, forgotten amid the wild tumult of angry passion, awaken at the whisper of a mother's name to beat in every pulsation of the heart and thrill through every fibre of the frame. There is a sentiment of holy veneration in the soul of the child to its mother, which he must sound the lowest depths of infamy who may forget or disregard. With streaming eyes and anguished heart the Roman mother kneels to plead with her traitor son. Appealing to him by all the hallowed memories of his uncorrupted boyhood, and chiding with the affectionate rebuke and tenderness that well up from a mother's soul towards an erring child, she conjures him to relinquish his cherished purpose. The warrior is unmanned. Talk not of grief till thou hast seen the tears of warlike men. Fearful, but of brief duration, is the struggle of contending emotions. Instinct triumphs—the cup of vengeance is dashed untasted from the lips—Rome is safe again. A mother's tears have changed the destiny of the world.

A ROMANCE IN REAL LIFE.

During the eleventh day of August, 1868, the dwellers upon the New England coast experienced every variety of weather possible to the season; and over one part, at least, swept a tornado fierce and powerful enough to tear up large trees and overturn weak-jointed houses. Most of the old fishermen of the town of Rockport foresaw the danger, and avoided it; and, if they ventured upon the water at all, they took very good care not to go far from land.

But Amos Howard was not of the prudent number. He had put off in his light smack—a sloop of from sixty to eighty tons—with three companions, and had gained his far-off fishing ground before the signs of the coming storm had become apparent.

The tornado came; and, when night had shut in, Amos Howard had not returned. On the following morning, his smack was found upon the shore of Clapp's Island, and two of the crew we discovered lashed to the rigging in an insensible state. They revived, however, upon being brought to the land; and, when asked concerning the captain and his son, they were forced to tell that the unfortunate pair had been swept overboard far out at sea. And the sympathizing fishermen went to the cot of Mary Howard and told her of the loss of her husband and her son. She saw the two saved men, and heard their dreadful story; and then she sank into the deepest gloom.

On Tuesday morning—just one week from the day of the terrible calamity—Mrs. Howard revived; and, on Wednesday, she went about her work. On Saturday, her daughter proposed that funeral services be held on the Sabbath; and the neighbors seconded plan, for they deemed it fitting that they should thus pay their sad tribute of respect to the memory of an honored and beloved companion and friend.

But Mary Howard said, "No!" She could not bear it. It would kill her. And the neighbors sorrowed when they discovered that the fond wife had not given up the hope that a kind Providence might have snatched her loved ones from the dread grasp of the storm.

Four weeks passed, and the wretched woman held out no longer. Weary and sad, she said that the funeral ceremonies might be performed. On Sunday, the thirteenth of September, the fisher's cot was filled by the mourning neighbors, and the clergyman had come with kindly readiness to offer the bread of consolation.

"It seems wicked—this mockery of a funeral!" groaned Mrs. Howard. But they quieted her, and the clergyman rose to speak. He had turned to address the accepted widow, when, with a quick, wild cry, she burst from her place, and rushed to the outer door; and, when next her voice was heard, it was in notes of joy and blessing—notes taken up by the astonished assembly, and swelled to a song of praise and thanksgiving to heaven.

Captain Howard and his son had caught a floating spar, with a gaff-topsail attached, from which they had been taken by a schooner bound from Portland to Havana. They had been very near to death's door when picked up; but, under the kind care of their preserver, they recovered. Of course the trip to Cuba was a necessity; but they were saved, and had arrived home in season to effect a very happy postponement of the funeral ceremonies.

A MECHANICAL WHALE.

The ingenuity of man often manifests itself in curious shapes, a recent instance of which was brought to light in one of the New York courts. It appears that a German, by the name of Gebhard, was employed by one of his countrymen to construct a whale, to be exhibited as a veritable monster at his "natatorium," or swimming tank, in Sixty-sixth street, on the East River. Gebhard set to work, and applied all his inventive and mechanical skill to produce a whale.

A nice mechanical contrivance was introduced inside the whale, whereby it might be "vivified" and made to enact the part of the genuine thing. Gebhard then placed flaming advertisements in the newspapers, announcing himself as an eminent doctor and traveller who had just arrived from the Pacific Ocean, where he had captured a monster whale, which would be exhibited on such a day at his "natatorium." This advertisement drew a large crowd of persons to the place designated on the day set down for the exhibition. But the amazement and delight of the people who had paid to see the sight were destined to be of short duration; for on the return of the whale to the "natatorium," one or two parties, who had secreted themselves for the purpose, saw four modern Jonahs emerge from his capacious belly, and a further inspection revealed the fact that the whole operations of his whaleship in the water had been managed by machinery. The terrified Gebhard had to beat a speedy retreat, or he would have received rough treatment at the hands of the incensed crowd who vented their chagrin on the now inanimate whale, and almost tore it to pieces.

The party who employed Gebhard's skill brought an action against him to recover sixty-seven dollars, the amount paid for constructing the animal; and, strange to say, the judge encouraged the swindle by giving judgment for the plaintiff.

COMPOSITION DURING SLEEP.

Condorcet is said to have attained the conclusion of some of his most abstruse, unfinished calculations in his dreams. Franklin makes a similar admission concerning some of his political projects which in his waking moments sorely puzzled him. Sir J. Herschel is said to have composed the following lines in a dream:—

"Throw thyself on thy God, nor mock him
with feeble denial;
Sure of his love, and, oh! sure of his mercy
at last!
Bitter and deep though the draught, yet drain
thou the cup of thy trial,
And in its healing effect, smile at the bitterness past."

Goethe says in his "Memoirs," "The objects which had occupied my attention during the day often reappeared at night in connected dreams. On awakening, a new composition, or a portion of one I had already commenced, presented itself to my mind. In the morning I was accustomed to record my ideas on paper." Coleridge composed his poem of the "Abyssinian Maid" during a dream. Something analogous to this is what Lord Cockburn says in his "Life of Lord Jeffrey." "He had a fancy that though he went to bed with his head stuffed with the names, dates, and other details of various causes, they were all in order in the morning; which he accounted for by saying that during sleep 'they all *crystalized round their proper centres.*'"

LOVE is sparingly soluble in the words of men; therefore they speak much of it; but one syllable of woman's speech can dissolve more of it than a man's heart can hold.

THE HOUSEKEEPER.

TO SOFTEN LEATHER.—The best way to soften leather is to melt a quarter of a pound of tallow. Add an equal weight of olive oil. Apply to the leather and rub it thoroughly. This is excellent for shoes.

AN EFFECTUAL MOUSE-TRAP.—The latest, simplest, and most effectual mouse-trap yet thought of is an earthen washbowl nearly half filled with water, covered over with meat and placed on the pantry shelf. A Pulaski, N. Y., woman recently caught half-a-dozen of the mischief makers in one night by this method.

TIC DOLOREUX.—This facial disease finds instantaneous and permanent cure by gently passing ice for five minutes over the affected part, at intervals of five minutes. Alcohol is held in the mouth till a sense of warmth is felt, to give relief to the painful sensation produced by the ice. The medical journal which gives this curious compound treatment, says that in ten months' experience the disease has never returned.

HOW TO EXTERMINATE MOTHS.—Moths will work in carpets in rooms that are kept warm in Winter as well as in Summer. A sure method of removing the pests is to pour strong alum water on the floor to the distance of half a yard around the edges before laying the carpet. Then once or twice during the season sprinkling dry salt over the carpet before sweeping. Insects do not like salt, and sufficient adheres to the carpet to prevent them alighting upon it.

JAQUE MANGE.—Two ounces of isinglass add a pint of water, dissolve it over the fire; and add the rind of two large lemons grated. When it has boiled a little, put in a pint of white wine, then the yoke of eight eggs thoroughly beaten, the juice of two lemons, and sugar to taste. The eggs, lemon-juice, and sugar should be previously mixed together with a small quantity of the wine. Add the whole well together, and keep stirring it one way until it boils. Then strain through muslin, and pour into cups or moulds that have been well rinsed in cold water.

INDESTRUCTIBLE INK.—On many occasions it is of importance to employ an ink indestructible by any process, that will not equally destroy the material on which it is applied. For black ink, twenty-five grains of copal, in powder, are to be dissolved in two hundred grains of oil of lavender, by the assistance of a gentle heat; and are then to be mixed with two and a-half grains of lamp-black, and a half grain of indigo. This ink is particularly useful for labelling phials, etc., containing chemical substances of a corrosive nature.

A PRACTICAL TEST FOR VINEGAR.—We have frequently been asked for some simple and practical method of testing the purity and strength of vinegar. Of course, to ascertain just what and how much adulteration is in vinegar, a chemical analysis is necessary, but for obvious reasons this is not obtainable by retailers generally. The most common adulterant, however, is acid, which is added to increase the strength, and to detect this the pickle manufacturers have a simple test that is infallible, and shows the slightest trace of that article. Each pickle manufacturer keeps a small vial of the solution of muriate of baryte, obtainable for a few cents at any drug store. When a sample of vinegar is offered, he turns out a wine-glass about half full, and adds about ten or twelve drops of the muriate of barytes. If the vinegar is pure it will show no change. If it contains acids it will gradually turn to a milky hue, according to the quantity of acids in it.

CEMENT FOR AQUARIUMS.—1. Mix boiled linseed oil, litharge, red and white together, to a proper consistence, always using the larger proportion of white lead. This composition may be applied to a piece of flannel and fitted to the joints.—2. A more powerful cement is composed in the proportion of two ounces of sal ammoniac, and four ounces of sulphur, made into a stiff paste with a little water. When the cement is wanted for use, dissolve a portion of the paste in water rendered slightly acid, and add a quantity of iron turnings or filings, sifted or powdered, to render the particles of uniform size. This mixture will in a short time become as hard as stone.—3. Make a mixture of a solution of eight ounces of strong glue, and one ounce of varnish of linseed oil, or three-quarters of an ounce of Venice turpentine, which are to be boiled together, agitating all the time, until the mixture becomes as complete as possible. The pieces to be cemented ought to be kept in conjunction for forty-eight or sixty hours.

FISH-CAKE.—1. Put the bones of the fish, with the head and fins, into a stewpan, with about a pint of water, and pepper and salt to taste, one good-sized onion, a handful of sweet herbs, if you like, and stew all slowly for about two hours. Then mince fine the clear meat of the fish, mixing it well with bread-crumbs, and cold mashed potatoes, and a small quantity of fine-chopped parsley; season with salt and pepper to taste, and make the whole into a cake, with an egg well beaten up. Brush it over lightly with white of egg, and strew with bread-crumbs, and fry of a rich amber brown. Strain the gravy made from the bones, etc., and pour it over; stir gently for ten minutes or a quarter of an hour. Serve very hot, with garnish of parsley and lemon slices. 2. Carefully remove the bones and skin from any fish that is left from dinner, and put it into warm water for a short time. After taking it out, press it dry, and beat it in a mortar to a fine paste, with an equal quantity of mashed potatoes; season to taste. Then make up the mass into round flat cakes, and fry them in butter or lard till they are of a fine golden brown color. Be sure they do not burn. Cod-fish is excellent re-cooked after this fashion.

THE CARPET DESTROYER.—The Anthrenus scrophularæ has appeared among us. It is a very common and destructive European insect, but has not until recently been detected in the United States. Its peculiar forte is the eating of carpets, and hence the familiar name, "carpet bug," which it has won. It belongs to the family Dermestidæ, which comprises several of our most injurious depredators on animal substances, and is entirely different in appearance and in habits from the well-known carpet moth. It conceals itself beneath the borders of carpets nailed to the floor, and eats away those portions. Occasionally it locates itself in the cracks of the floor, following which it cuts across entire breadths of carpets, leaving a line which seems to have been cut by the scissors. It destroys new as well as old carpets, and, if allowed to breed and multiply, may reduce us to bare floors soon.

Prof. J. A. Lintner, State Entomologist, describes those interesting Anthrenus scrophulariæ as a small ovate object, about one-tenth of an inch in length, thickly clothed with numerous short bristle-like hairs, and terminating in a pencil of these forming a tail. It is exceedingly active in its motions, and glides away very rapidly. Like the house fly, it disappears in winter, and eats only during the summer months. He said: "I captured several of the larvæ and fed them upon pieces of carpet, in order to rear them. In September they had evidently matured, and had assumed their quiescent pupal state within the skin of the larvæ, first rent by a split along the back for the escape of the perfect insect. At this stage I was led by a study of its character to refer it, in all probability, to the genus Anthrenus. Last week I had the great gratification of obtaining from the pupæ the first example of the perfect insect. It was a very minute beetle, approximating one-tenth of an inch in length, but beautifully marked in a prettily arranged combination of red, white and brown. I had, beyond doubt, correctly referred it to its proper genus. The detection of this insect adds to our fauna another species of the dreaded genus of Anthrenus, perhaps to equal in its destructive agency the well-known museum pest, the A. varius (formerly known as A. musæorum), the obtrusive guest of all our collections of natural history, whose ravages it seems impossible fully to guard against, and so exceedingly difficult to control. So prevalent has this pest become in Schenectady, N. Y., that the carpets all over the city have had to be taken up and cleaned. In Utica it has caused considerable alarm. Carpets are not, however, its only food, as it infests wearing apparel hanging in closets or laid away in drawers. Unlike moths, it is said to prey upon cotton fabrics."

Gouraud's Oriental Cream or Magical Beautifier.—Endorsed by the fashionable world. This is the most elegant preparation for the skin ever invented, and has excited the cupidity of unprincipled adventurers, who are palming off upon the public various imitations under different names. Beware of such, and particularly beware of lotions for the skin containing Mineral Astringents, utterly ruinous to the complexion, and by their repellant action, positively injurious to health. The chief of these is concocted by the convicted counterfeiter of *Burnett's Cocoaine*. The original ORIENTAL CREAM, $1.50 per bottle, is prepared and sold by DR. FELIX GOURAUD (Inventor of the world-renowned ITALIAN MEDICATED SOAP) 48 Bond street, New York. For sale by druggists.

The Saturday Evening Post
PHILADELPHIA
1821
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Saturday Evening, Nov. 18, 1876.

THE GREAT CENTENNIAL SUCCESS.

Before this reaches the reader the great centre of interest for the Centennial year, the Exposition, will have finished its course, and the final ceremonies will have been performed, by which it becomes a thing of the past.

The country may congratulate itself that it has been most completely successful as a great achievement, as a fitting commemoration of the event it celebrated, and as a source of beneficent influences which will be lasting.

Simply as a great achievement it takes its place as the greatest victory of peace on record. In the face of apathy to be awakened, local jealousies to be overcome, and the most dreary financial dullness, the managers by their magnetic enthusiasm, resistless executive power and skill in the use of means, achieved a triumph of which the nation is proud, and whose glory makes their names illustrious. They are already crowned with the praises and the thanks of the people, and those who at first opposed, sneered or doubted, now heartily join in awarding the encomiums they deserve.

Of the greatness of the exhibition in the number and excellence of the articles contributed from the whole world, the exhaustive descriptions we have given during its progress make it unnecessary to speak. The most critical have been silenced into admiration. One feature deserves special mention. The American people have been here to see the show, and have thus put themselves on exhibition. There has been no study so interesting as the crowds from every section of the land who have thronged the grounds. In this regard it is a success of which every American may speak proudly. Good order, sobriety, good nature and intelligent observation were characteristics noticeable by the most casual observer. The caterers to vice who thronged to this city at the opening of the exhibition, expecting a rich harvest from the assembled crowds, soon found their mistake, and most of them retired in disgust. It has been a frequent remark of visitors upon the most crowded days that not an intoxicated person was seen and scarcely a profane word heard on the grounds, and observant foreigners bear cheerful witness to the general good order, intelligence and courtesy.

The Exposition will leave many lasting and most valuable impressions upon the thought and life of coming years. It has quickened every form of industry, by opening new subjects for investigation and invention, imparting information to inventors and manufacturers which would otherwise have required years of travel, observation and study; not merely to our own workers, but to the thousands from other lands who have been attracted to the focus where was shown what the world is doing. New outlets of trade have been opened, and new industries will spring up. It is as though ten years had been lived in one, and subsequent development in many directions will be in equal ratio.

Narrow-minded people have been broadened. Those whose limited observation of their own surroundings had fixed the guage of their opinions, have discovered that the world is wide and contains enough which they had never dreamed of to shame littleness and beget proper humility. Every visitor has carried away thought-pictures which will interest, instruct and benefit him for life.

The brotherhood of man has had more marked recognition than ever before. What other nations have done compels, each to acknowledge the need it has of the other, increases respect and will add to the consideration in which others will be held. The universal conference on industrial subjects, and the general interchange of courtesies will do much to establish a community of thought throughout the world, form a world-wide public opinion and add its influence to bringing the nations to settlement of difficulties by arbitration or international congresses, and thus long lines of pavement toward the millennium have been laid.

Much has been done to awaken the country from the financial prostration which was becoming chronic. There has been something besides dull times to discuss, and for a little season the theme has been almost forgotten. The change has been so agreeable that there will be no haste to return to its oppressive monotony. As with the hypochondriac, our hopes and confidence reviving, health will more easily return. The amount of money actually put into active circulation to meet the demands of the occasion is no insignificant item toward making better times, footing up as it does many millions.

Take it all in all, there is abundant cause of congratulation that this grand enterprise has been carried forward and terminated so auspiciously, and we take it as an omen that future and more glorious Centennials are in store for those who shall be here to see them.

EVENINGS AT HOME.

The long evenings now at hand will bring to every well managed home the question: "What shall we do for entertainment." No household is properly conducted wherein there are no hours set apart for recreation, and the evening hours are best fitted for this duty. Duty may seem an inappropriate word applied to amusement, but he who neglects it, fails to cultivate that part of himself which very greatly brightens his own life and that of his fellows. The man who never condescends to amusement is like dry timber compared with a living tree crowned with flowers and fruit.

But the day has well nigh passed when apologies are needed for enjoyment, and when recreations are considered at best as venal sins. Human nature has happily been too strong for ascetic creeds; the new wine would not remain confined in the old bottles, and the question is not may we, but how shall we best amuse ourselves.

Just a word here to the faithful, patient, loving and conscientious parents who willingly extend their hours of toil through the day and into the night, and who cannot, they say, find time for anything but work. Better a hundred times that there be a few dollars less for the children, less of fine clothing or of dainties on the table, than that the young people, wearied with the eternal round of work, should pine for freedom away from home and lose no opportunity for escaping to where there is something to enjoy, should learn the sweets of forbidden fruit, and away from the loving influences of home, should be led to folly, dissipation and ruin. There is no more important work to be done at home than to properly amuse your children and yourself; take time for it, as you do for preparing the food or mending the clothing. Joining the children in passing the pleasant evening hours will freshen your own life, make you more companionable and sympathetic with them, inspire and strengthen their confidence, and make it unnecessary for them to go abroad for their enjoyment. Children may and should feel that there is indeed no place like home.

Among the first of home attractions is music. If the piano or organ cannot be afforded, the flute or violin may, and at any rate there may be singing, which is best of all. Music books are cheap, and any one who can learn to talk can learn to sing. Among the happiest recollections of after years will be the hours when all voices were blended in the evening song, when discords of feeling were soothed and banished, care was forgotten and for a little time a higher life was lived. The home reading circle should be made attractive with bright papers and magazines. Let each be permitted to make selections, and all encouraged to remark, criticise and comment. It will greatly aid the art of conversation, which in these days certainly needs cultivation, and save immense waste of breath over trash and scandal. Then there are plenty of entertaining games. Those who fear the influence of cards, and there are objections to their use—they are too fascinating—can find plenty of unobjectionable games especially designed for home use. The good old "stand-bys," checkers and chess, will have an honored place. Such amusements interspersed occasionally with a regular "gale" of romps, to give vent to youthful spirits, will do for the rooms of many a household now sombre and glum, what a woodbine or a clinging rose does for the weather-beaten porch, make it beautiful and attractive, and teach the children to love their home.

THE STATE HAS NO RELIGION.

Is this a Christian nation? Thank God, yes. The sublime principles of virtue which are the essence of Christianity are at least acknowledged, and their practice inculcated by the majority of the people. Public opinion is theoretically in their favor, however far general practice may fall below their requirements, so that nominally at least we are a Christian people.

Is this a Christian government? With equal devoutness and sincerity we may say, thank God, no. The idea will doubtless be startling to many who have not given the question careful thought. It is a source of grief to many who have considered it, and who are firm in the conviction that the State as such should be avowedly Christian. But in the judgment of the wisest political thinkers, deduced from the study of all history, the conviction is firm that religion has always suffered loss of purity and of power when allied to the State government, and has degenerated into a system of oppression and corruption fatal to the principles and practice of all that deserves the name of religion or the respect of man.

The province of State control and regulation and that of religion are distinct in the ends they seek and the means they should use. The State can rightly concern itself only with outward and temporal interests. Its province is to guard the lives, and the earthly possessions of its subjects, and to promote their earthly welfare. Its method of doing this is by the enforcement of laws provided with adequate penalties.

The province of religion is principally with men's thoughts, motives and convictions, especially with reference to a spiritual world. The repeated declaration of the founder of Christianity was "my kingdom is not of this world; the kingdom of God is within you." When the State enters upon the work of regulating a man's convictions on topics relating to his own spiritual welfare, it passes its proper bounds. From the very nature of religion it is and must be a concern between man and his Maker. No third party can properly intervene authoritatively. It has been attempted over and over again; and every form of persecution devised by which to enforce the authority claimed, but it always has proved and always will prove a failure. Outward uniformity and outward observances may be secured, taxes may be collected for sustaining church establishments, but the inner man is not reached; his individuality cannot be overcome, and so a church fabric is erected by power of the State, which does not and can not be a truly religious institution, and religion is brought to reproach by the efforts made in her name.

The work of religion is properly prosecuted only by appeals to men's convictions. Force is out of place. State law can only prevail by sternly enforced penalties; thus its methods are as foreign to the province of religion as are its proper ends.

But why discuss this subject here where religious freedom is secure, and where church and State are each pursuing their own independent way? Because, while this is true in the main and the spirit of our laws and institutions are all in favor of this independence of church and State, there are those who would unite them in some few particulars which they honestly think indispensable. A movement to have an acknowledgement of Christianity engrafted on our Constitution has gained many zealous followers.

This, if done, would practically amount to nothing, but it would yield one of the foundation principles of our government, that we will not *as a government* meddle with religious questions.

Others are not content unless the public schools maintained by the State are in some measure made to endorse and to teach Christianity. But to whatever degree such teaching is insisted on, just to that degree religion is made a part of State government, and just so far the government leaves its proper sphere. If it be right to teach any set of religious doctrines, or any religious observance, what shall they be, and who shall prescribe them? The majority? But when did the majority acquire the right to decide between each individual man and his Maker what homage shall be rendered and in what manner? No; let government keep to its own proper sphere. It can only hinder religious work in whatever way it attempts to administer it. Let every man as he is persuaded in his own mind practice his religious convictions and commend them to others, but let him not in mistaken zeal seek to use carnal weapons, and to undo the work of the last century, which is bright with the victories of the Church left untrammeled by the State.

THREE CHEERS FOR ——

At the date of this writing, November 10th, when this page must be sent to press, it is known that *somebody* is elected President of the United States, but whether Tilden or Hayes, is not fully decided, although appearances favor the former. The fact that the election has been such a close one we believe to be a most happy one for the country. Neither party can afford to conduct the administration loosely or corruptly when its hold on power is so slight; so that in either case we may expect the incumbent to "put the best foot forward."

The closeness of the result will also, or ought to, be a consolation to the defeated, although many will be disposed to consider it an aggravation. Let it be remembered, however, that we are all in the same boat, whoever holds the helm. The party in power cannot afford to peril the interests of the country, for their own interests are thereby placed in jeopardy. Let the defeated comfort themselves with the thought, "we can stand it if you can." If taxes are increased, the party who increase them must pay their share, and so of other results which partisans are apt to fear.

The country may congratulate itself on the fact that either of the candidates, personally, is not only unobjectionable, but of a character that will well sustain the dignity of the Presidential office and the honor of the nation. So, then, now we lift our hats and say: three cheers for ——.

NOW FOR BUSINESS.

Now that the Centennial Exhibition and the Presidential election are over, more attention will be given to every-day business, and all indications point to more prosperous times than for a few years past. Crops, generally, are good, prices have settled down to a firm basis, manufacturers are more active, foreign demand is increasing, and everybody is more hopeful, which is perhaps the best sign of all.

With this prospect before us, we confidently expect renewed activity in the newspaper business, and particularly in the SATURDAY EVENING POST. Large numbers of specimen copies are being sent for, and large accessions of subscribers coming in. If you feel like doing a good thing for your neighbors, for us and for yourselves, please lend a hand in this work, by asking your friends to subscribe for what you consider to be the best paper of its kind published.

MODERN POETRY.—It is one of the sublimest features of our modern poetry, that it shows man as ever nobler than circumstances. We live in ourselves; we modify the external with the characteristics of our own natures. The sordid soul gets no riches from wealth; the generous soul extracts them from poverty. Virtue sleeps on the stone; vice writhes on the couch. Unbelief sees no witness of God in the stars; faith reads it in one simple wild flower. Everywhere man is the solemn and central figure in the universe; and circumstance is but the mirror which reflects him, or, at most, the condition which tests him.

SO SOON!

BY SHIRLEY WYNNE.

So soon
Losing thy bloom,
Beautiful Summer Earth?
Over thy sapphire skies hath past
The withering trail of the Northern blast;
Thy sun is paling, thy flow'rs are dead,
Low on the mould lies thy golden head,
With only the faded leaves o'erspread.
So soon, oh, so soon, cometh Death, fair Earth?

So soon
Losing thy bloom,
Beautiful, smiling Youth?
Thy gleeful voice hath a new, sad tone,
The glose from thy raven hair is gone,
The rose on thy lip hath not scanty stay,
Although on thy journey so little way,
Thy footsteps seem lagging—ah, well-a-day!
So soon, oh, so soon, cometh Age, fair Youth?

So soon
Losing thy bloom,
Beautiful, tender Love?
Dimmed is the light of thy radiant eyes,
Quenched is the glow of thy glorious skies.
Weary already? So lately born!
Thy lily-white garments stained and torn,
Thy laughters changing to sighs forlorn!
So soon, oh, so soon, cometh Change, fair Love?

STOLEN FRUIT.

A little room at the top of a house with "half" windows that opened a few inches only, and let very little of the wretched air of the crowded street, into as poor a room as ever poor woman tried to keep clean.

It had not the immaculate spotlessness of the traditional home of poverty of the Sunday-school books, but that I believe to be fable; and do what its owner could, the smell of the cabbage, which the good German housewife downstairs was cooking, and the smell of the pipe, which the Irishman on the next floor was comforting his soul with, would mingle with the perfume of the drains, which the owner thought would do very well, if the Board of Health never noticed them, and make the room anything but fresh and sweet and pure, whenever the door was opened.

However, the poor creature had swept and dusted, and scrubbed up the place before daylight, and she had made soup and gruel, and had left her sick little girl in the care of a brother two years older—he was only twelve—and had gone to her long day's duties at the factory.

To neglect them would be to have neither room nor gruel next week, for she must be mother and father both to her children, now that her sailor-husband had gone down at sea with the wreck of the good ship "Esmeralda."

All day long she worked her body in the factory, and her heart in the little room where now in the baking heat of the red-hot noon-tide the little girl lay tossing and turning on her pillow, and the little boy sat beside her, repressing his boyish longings to be off into the streets, for love of his sick sister.

"I think," he said, stating his firm conviction, for he had never had enough to eat in all his life; "I think, Sis, if you could eat the rest of the gruel you'd feel better," and he pressed it upon her, holding the bowl in one hand and the spoon in the other. "Do now try to eat it, Kitty."

"No, no!" said the girl. "No, I hate it. I want something nice and cool. I wish I had lemonade. If I had lemonade, I think I should get well right away. Oh, I wish I had lemonade!"

"Mother will get you some when she comes home," said the boy.

"She can't," said the girl. "She won't have any money until Saturday night. Oh, dear; I wish I was rich, I'd have a great pitcher of lemonade, and drink and drink and drink. But it's no use wishing, Tom," and she turned her flushed little face upon the pillow, and burst out with:

"And such lots of lemons in the grocery down-stairs."

And at this juncture poor, little, feverish Kitty began to cry.

In imagination she saw the long basket piled to the brim with the yellow fruit which nature taught her would do her so much good, and the tears came at the thought that while there was so many she could not have one.

The sight of those tears was more than Tom could bear.

A thought came into his mind that had never been there before.

"Don't cry," Kitty," he said. "I'll be back in a moment," and ran out of the room, down stairs, and out at the side-door of the house.

He meant to ask the grocer to trust him a lemon, and then to earn the pennies to pay for it somehow. But there at the side-door stood Mr. O'Brien with an exasperated countenance, holding a slate covered with figures with his left hand and emphasizing his remarks with his forefinger.

"That's the way we grocers ruin ourselves" said he, "trusting every one that comes along. No, Mrs. Conner, I can't. It's cash with me hereafter. No more trust. Didn't you see the card with the poetry on it I've hung over the counter? 'No Trust,' is on it, as your own eyes can see. It's not you particular, but it's everybody that I say 'No Trust' to.

After that, what could Tom do?

He couldn't beg for one; besides, he knew he shouldn't get it.

But there he stood beside the lemon basket, so that he could smell the delightful odor of the fruit, so that, by putting out his hand, he could touch it, and no one was looking, or he thought so, and the vision of his little sister tossing on her pillow, was before his eyes, and the temptation of opportunity fell upon him at the same time, and——"

Well the next minute each of his hands held two big lemons.

As well be hung for an old sheep as a lamb, and he was about to plunge them into his pockets, when——

"Catch him! Catch him, the thafe of the world!" cried the grocer's wife from behind the counter, and out flew the grocer and away flew Tom.

The lemons bobbed up and down in his pockets, and his heart bobbed up and down in his breast, and he ran very fast, but after him came those who could run longer.

The grocer, a lithe, long-limbed, active man—and a policeman—two of them.

Very soon all the tag-rag and bob-tail of the river-side street; and the cry of "stop thief!" was taken from the grocer's mouth by the crowd, so that soon he had no need to bellow it himself, but save his lungs for running.

Let no one blame the grocer; he knew nothing about the sick child upstairs.

All he saw was a well-patched, able-bodied boy making off with so much profit in the shape of four lemons.

His dealings were with poor people, and there was nothing in this rifler of "his basket and his store" to touch his heart particularly.

If you were a grocer—perhaps you are—you'd know how aggravated he was, and what just cause he thought he had for following that flying figure with purposes of vengeance. And the boy was a thief.

The chase lasted a little while, considering all things; but it ended at last.

Tom tripped over a curb-stone and came to the ground.

He was lifted by his collar, and from his pockets were taken the great yellow lemons.

"The finest in the lot, the young divil!" cried the grocer.

And now there was nothing to do but to choke down his sobs as he was led to the station house. He had no idea of excusing himself by mentioning his sick sister.

He was a son of Adam, but he was not so mean as his forefather.

He had eaten the apple he never would have mentioned Eve—never.

Little he knew who brought up the rear of that long procession that had turned out to see him caught.

Kitty, lying in bed, had heard the noise of the pursuit, and had risen to her knees and thrust her head from the narrow opening of the window just at the moment when Tom started on his hopeless race.

She knew in a moment what had happened. She knew that Tom had stolen some lemons for her.

She remembered seeing them; her words:

"And such a lot of lemons in the shop down-stairs."

Why had she uttered them?

And now what could she do but follow them and tell the truth, and ask them to punish her, not Tom?

She had not been able to stand on her little feet for many days, but now the brief strength of fever was upon her, and she found herself making her way, barefooted, and in her little nightgown, down the stairs and into the street.

She did not know the laws of her country sufficiently to be sure that he was not.

The station-house—a well patronized institution in that neighborhood—was very near.

Into its doors, between its great gas-lamps, marched the officers and their prisoner, and the grocer, and all the ragamuffins, who were at once driven back.

They crushed and crowded away before the flourish of clubs, and Kitty was pressed against the wall.

She was almost too small to be seen, and six sailors, part of the crew of the "Peter Potter," who had been called upon to give evidence in the case of a comrade who had been beaten to jelly by the mate during the voyage, and were slowly filling out, never noticed her; but the seventh, a tall, robust man of forty, paused and stooped down and said:

"Well, little lass, what is the matter?"

"Oh, everything," said Kitty. "Oh, please, please, don't hurt him; hurt him. I said there were lots of lemons in the shop, and he took them for me, because I was sick. Please do it to me, whatever gets done with thieves. Please, he's my brother."

"It's the boy who was just taken in yonder, you mean?" asked the sailor.

"Yes, brother Tom," said Kitty; "and they won't let me in, and I feel so queer."

And the sailor bending over her, lifted her in his arms.

"You are too sick to be in the street, lassie," he said, and strode into the building again, and there in the great room before the fattest and whitest headed old gentleman she had ever seen, stood Tom and the grocer.

"Sure, and your honor sees 'em," said the grocer, holding out the lemons. "Four great beauties, and I saw him take them with my own two eyes."

Kitty's head was swimming, and she was as cold as she had been hot now, but high and shrill her baby-voice arose:

"It was for me he took them. I cried, I was so hot. I said there were lemons in the shop. Please, please, do it to me, whatever it is."

Tom turned, saw his little sister, and for the first time broke down and cried; but through his tears he managed to sob:

"She don't know. She's not much but a baby. I guess the fever has got into her head. She's got nothin' to do with it."

"Now, if I might speak, your honor," cried the sailor.

"But you can't," said the Justice of the Peace. "Who are you? This child's guardian?"

"I just happened to be going by," began the sailor.

"Then keep your finger out of the pie," said his honor.

"I'll pay Mr. Grocer for his box of lemons, if he'll let the lad off," persisted the sailor.

"Hold your tongue, sir!" cried the the justice. "Do you make a charge against this boy, Mr. Grocer?"

But at that moment a little trembling figure ran into the room.

The mother of the children, who had come home earlier than usual from the factory, work being slack, and had heard the awful news of her boy's arrest, and had missed her sick girl.

"It's mother!" cried Kitty. It's mother!"

And it seemed to her that all must be right now. But Tom crouched low for shame.

He knew he was a thief; and what had his mother told him about keeping the laws of man and God, and being honest if ever so poor. How he must shame her!

The grocer looked at her also in compunction.

"The mother's a dacent woman," said he. "and pays for what she gets. A dacent, respectable woman."

But then and there, before the very eyes of the whole court, the decent, respectable woman gave a wild, glad cry, and flung her arms about the sailor, who, in his turn, pressed her to his heart.

Tom, first amazed, next turned furious, and doubled both his small fists.

But Kitty, with her baby-woman's instinctive comprehension, saw at a glance that it would have taken hours to have explained to Tom, and cried:

"I guess its father come back from sea."

She guessed right. It was the old story of desert island and years of anxious waiting, and the sailor had made search for his wife and children since his return.

And thus queerly had they all been brought together again.

In consideration of all these circumstances, the grocer refused to make any charge against Tom, and he was set free.

THE terms "six-penny," "ten-penny," etc., as applied to nails, are of English origin. For very many years, they have been made a certain number of pounds to the 1000, and are still reckoned in that way in England—a 10d. being 1000 nails to ten pounds, and 6d. being 1000 nails to ten pounds, and 6d. being 1000 to six pounds, a 20d. weighing twenty pounds to the 1000, and having just one-half the number of nails to the ten pounds of the 10d., and in ordering the buyer calls for the three-pound, six-pound, or ten-pound variety, etc., until by the Englishmen's abbreviation of pun for pound the abbreviation has been made to stand for penny instead of pound, as originally intended; and when it comes to less than one pound to the 1000, such as tacks, brads, etc., they are reckoned six-ounce, eight-ounce, twelve-ounce, etc., the manufacturer never making less than one thousand nails to ten pounds for a 10d. nail. As nails are now made and sold, however, the dealer only asks for the sizes needed, by the usual designation, and the fact that there are now about two-thirds of the number of nails formerly called for in the pound does not lessen the value.

BRIEF BIOGRAPHY OF PETER COOPER.

Peter Cooper was born in the city of New York, February 12, 1791. His maternal grandfather, John Campbell, a resident of New York, was Deputy Quarter Master-General during the Revolutionary War, and expended a considerable private fortune in the service of his country. His father was a lieutenant in the war of the revolution, after the close of which he established a hat manufactory in which his youthful son Peter aided to the extent of his strength. This period of Mr. Cooper's life was one of great anxiety and much hard labor, as his father had a large family to provide for. He attended school only half of each day for a single year, and beyond the humble knowledge thus gained, his acquisitions are all his own. At the age of seventeen he was placed with John Woodward to learn the trade of coach-making, and served out his apprenticeship so much to the satisfaction of his master, that the latter offered to set him up in business, which Mr. Cooper declined. He for a time followed this trade; next the manufacture of patent machines for shearing cloth, which were in great demand during the war of 1812, but lost all value on the declaration of peace; then the manufacture of cabinet ware; then the grocery business in the city of New York; and finally he engaged in the manufacture of glue and isinglass, which he has carried on for more than forty years. In all these enterprises he was, with remarkable uniformity, successful. This he attributes, more than anything else, to the fact that he would never incur a debt, and had no interest to pay. On the other hand, interest or rent was always coming to him. Mr. Cooper's attention was early called to the great resources of this country for the manufacture of iron, and in 1830 he erected extensive works at Canton, near Baltimore. Disposing of these, he subsequently erected a rolling and wire mill in the city of New York, in which he first successfully applied anthracite to the puddling of iron. In 1845 he removed the machinery to Trenton, N. J., where he erected the largest rolling mill at that time in the United States for the manufacture of railroad iron, and at which subsequently he was the first to roll wrought iron beams for fire-proof buildings. These works have grown to be very extensive, including mines, blast furnaces, and water-power, and are now carried on by Mr. Cooper's family. While in Baltimore he built, after his own designs, the first locomotive engine that was turned out on this continent, and it was operated successfully on the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, thus identifying his name with the early history of railroads. In like manner he has taken great interest in the extension of the electric telegraph, in which he invested a large capital. Mr. Cooper has served in both branches of the New York Common Council, and was a prominent advocate of the construction of the Croton aqueduct. His great object, however, has been to educate the industrial classes of the community. He early became a trustee of the Public School Society, and at the time of its being merged in the Board of Education, Mr. Cooper was its Vice President. He subsequently became a School Commissioner; but feeling that no common school system could supply a technological education, he determined to establish in his native city an institution in which the working classes could secure that instruction for which he, when young and ambitious, sought in vain. Accordingly the "Union for the Advancement of Science and Art," commonly called the "Cooper Institute," was erected in New York, at the intersection of the Third and Fourth avenues, between Seventh and Eighth streets, covering the entire block, at a cost to him (including interest on the outlay which he would have received on an ordinary investment), of about two million dollars, to which Mr. Cooper has since added an endowment of $150,000 in cash. This building is devoted by a deed of trust, with all its *rents*, issues, and profits, to the instruction and elevation of the working classes of the city of New York.

"The plan includes regular courses of instruction at night, free to all who choose to attend, on social and political science, on the application of science to the useful occupations of life, and on such other branches of knowledge as will tend to improve and elevate the working classes. It includes also a school of design for females, now attended by two hundred pupils; a free reading-room and library, resorted to by about one thousand five hundred readers; galleries of art, collections of models of inventions, and a polytechnic school. The evening schools are attended by two thousand pupils, mostly young mechanics, who study engineering, mining, metallurgy, analytic, and synthetic chemistry, architectural drawing, and practical building. There are also for women a school of telegraphy, which, in four years, has sent out three hundred and seven operators; a school of wood-engraving, and a school of photography; all of which are free, and are well attended. These schools employ upwards of thirty instructors."

The expenditures of the Institute for all these purposes, of course, must be large. For years they have considerably exceeded $50,000 annually, to meet which the rents of those parts of the building not used for the purposes of the Institute, together with the interest on the cash endowment, are appropriated; but when these fall short of the requirement—as thus far they have done, by a large amount, almost every year—recourse is had to the private purse of the liberal founder; and this has never yet been closed to the wants of this school and those who freely enjoy its advantages.—*Mercantile Journal.*

LANGUAGE OF FINGER-RINGS.

In the case of a gentleman wishing to marry—literally "in the market" with his heart—he wears a plain or chased gold ring on the first finger of the left (or heart) hand.

When success attends his suit, and he is actually engaged, the ring passes to the second finger.

After marriage it passes to the third finger.

If, however, the gent desires to tell the fair ones that he not only is not in the market, but he does not design to marry at all, he wears the signet upon his little finger, and all ladies may understand that he is out of their reach!

With the fair sex the "laws of the ring" are:

A plain or chased gold ring on the little finger of the right hand, implies "not engaged," or, in plain words, "ready for proposals, sealed or otherwise."

When engaged, the ring passes to the first finger of the left hand.

When married the third finger receives it.

If the fair one proposes to defy all siege to her heart, she places the rings on her first and fourth fingers—one on each, like two charms to keep away the tempter. It is somewhat singular that *this disposition of rings is rare!*

FEELINGS are always made the excuse of temper; whereas temper much more frequently influences feelings.

A TWILIGHT MEMORY.

BY E. E. B.

The twilight drops her curtains
About the shadowy world;
And the banners of the sunset
Above the west are furled;
Come sit beside me, dear one,
And sing some ballad old—
Some plaintive little ballad
About the streets of gold.

To-night, while sunset glories
Hung daming o'er the hill,
I listened to the robins
And lonesome whippoorwill,
And I lived an evening over,
When the robin sung the same,
And the light of heaven seemed shining
Through the sunset gates of flame.

Then I saw the shadows gather
In the corners of the room,
But they could not hide one shadow
That was full of awful gloom;
For a dear one's bark was drifting
Out upon the unknown sea—
In the falling twilight shadows,
Drifting out from earth and me.

Oh, the sad-voiced, mournful robins!
Were they thinking of my pain,
That their song should be so mournful?
I can hear them sing again!
And I hear the plaintive calling
Of the whippoorwill once more,
As my dear one's bark goes drifting
Towards the far-off heaven shore!

Sing some ballad in the twilight,
Touching weary eyes with balm:
Sing of the celestial city,
Wrapped for evermore with calm;
Sing of rest, and dear ones waiting,
Over there for you and me,
When our bark goes drifting, drifting
Out into eternity!

JOSHUA HAGGARD'S DAUGHTER.

By Miss M. E. BRADDON,
Author of "Lady Audley's Secret," etc.

(This story was commenced in No. 34, Vol. 26. Back numbers can always be obtained.)

CHAPTER XXXIV.

AT HIS DOOR.

Naomi thought long and deeply of that last interview with Arnold Pentreath. She was in no wise inclined to admit to herself that the sea-captain could now, or in any time to come, take the place of his missing brother—that the heart which had been so freely and so entirely given to Oswald could ever belong to another. Yet, while looking upon this change of feeling as impossible, Naomi was conscious that Arnold had begun to exercise a powerful influence upon her mind, and that his most unexpected avowal of affection for her had moved her deeply.

He was like his brother, and he loved his brother. These two circumstances were alone sufficient to insure his regard. And now he had paid her the highest tribute that man can offer to woman. He had given her his loyal and kindly heart—that heart whose wide benevolence she had seen in many an unconsidered act of his life; he had tendered her his happiness, his future; and she had found only one cold answer to his prayer: "it can not be."

"If I loved him better than I ever loved Oswald, my answer must have been the same," she said to herself in those long hours of sorrowful meditation which made up the larger half of her joyless life. "While the dark cloud rests upon Oswald's fate, I can have but one answer for any lover—you, Arnold, of all others. How do I know that I have the right to stand up with unbowed head among honest men and women, when my heart is tortured by the thought that my father—he who preaches the gospel, and exhorts other men to repentance—may be the vilest sinner of all?"

This was the gist of Naomi's meditations. She had tried to put that awful fear away from her, but it was rooted in her heart. As weeks and months went by, and brought no news of Oswald, the fear grew stronger; and with the fear came remorse, a slow and consuming anguish. Had she been but patient, had she borne her own burden in silence and kept the secret of that cruel letter, this horror need never have been. She had put the scorpion into her father's hand—the scorpion which had stung that once noble nature to madness.

"Oh, my father, my lost and erring father," she cried, in an hour when her fear became almost conviction, "would to God that I could bear the burden of your sin! 'Twas I who tempted you; it was my vile jealousy that urged you to despair and guilt. Let the avenging rod fall heaviest on me. O God, pity and pardon him, thou who has promised pardon and pity for the darkest sin!"

That there might be pardon even for this last and most hideous sin of blood-guiltiness, Naomi firmly believed; but could there be forgiveness for a sinner who added the sin of hypocrisy to his darker crime, and held his head high among men when it should have been bowed in the dust under the burden of his shame? Could there be pardon for a sinner who kept the secret of his guilt, and pretended to lead other men along the shining path to heaven? No, assuredly. That smooth-faced hypocrisy—the sin for which man's Teacher and Redeemer reserved his most scathing denunciations—must treble the infamy of the darker guilt it masked, and render pardon impossible. To the sinner who repenteth, pity and peace has been freely offered; but what mercy was ever promised to the Pharisee who, under the semblance of exceptional piety, concealed a deeper infamy than the worst act of the despised publican?

These thoughts were in Naomi's mind, as she sat in her narrow deal pew, in the soft June twilight, listening to her father's preaching. The chapel was full to suffocation, for this was one of those meetings which the people of Combhollow particularly affected; a service in which Joshua Haggard was expected to surpass himself, and in which Satan—so often and so directly appealed to as to seem an actual member of the congregation—was to be worsted and driven forth in confusion by the minister's eloquence. Some even went so far as to call these evening services "devil-hunts." The part which the congregation took in them was not altogether negative or quiescent. There were times when eager spirits assumed an active share in the proceedings—when from smothered sighs, and head-shakings, and hollow groans, as of inward and bodily disorder, the convulsed auditor, was moved to speech, and poured forth his Satanic experiences before a hushed and awe-struck congregation. Joshua did not encourage or favor these lay utterances, and his powerful influence and vigorous eloquence did much to hold his flock in check; but he could not always dam the flood of inspiration.

"You're a powerful praycher, Muster Haggard," observed a weather-beaten old fisherman, whose rambling discourse Joshua strove to arrest; "but when a hignorant man feels he's gotten the Holy Sperrit inside 'un, he ain't goin' to be cut short before he's had his say. Edication goes for nothin' with the Sperrit. He don't mind grammar."

Upon this particular evening the flock had been content to express its feelings by means of groans and sighs, and brief ejaculations of a self-abasing character. Joshua stood in his square deal pulpit, with an open Bible on the green-baize cushion, and preached of erring humanity and man's darling sins. His sermons were always extempore, and had of late been obviously without plan or method—a change for the worse, which Naomi was conscious of, but which had scarcely been perceived by the flock, that congregation being satisfied with strong language and a flow of rugged eloquence, without looking too nicely for logical precision or directness. Joshua turned the leaves of his Bible, and seemed to draw new ideas from the page he glanced at.

He had been preaching longer than usual, though his sermons were apt to be long; and the twilight deepened as he stood in his pulpit, leaning forward with his elbow on the desk, and the other hand nervously turning the leaves of the Bible, which there was now scarcely light enough for him to see. He looked pale as ashes in that gray light; but his large, dark eyes gleamed with a sombre fire as they wandered round the upturned faces of his flock. Sometimes his eyes lingered wistfully on the pew where Naomi sat, and on Cynthia's empty place.

"Yes, my brethren," he cried; "yes, fellow-sinners, each has his darling sin. The world sees it not, knows it not. The world honors us—we bask in its smiles and favor. Men point to us as ensamples of godly life. Yet the darling sin is there, in our heart of hearts; we hug it close—we hide it from every human eye. But in the still night-watches it comes forth like a serpent out of his hole, and rears its venomous crest, and stings us with the horror of our guilt. We call ourselves soldiers and servants of God, yet know that our real master and captain is the devil. Yes, my brethren, the great recruiting sergeant has enlisted us. We have taken the devil's shillings; the image and superscription upon the coin are the image and superscription of Satan.

"Alas, my fellow-sinners! know you how swift a thing it is to fall? The fall of Lucifer himself was but the act and passage of a moment. There was no long deliberation—there was no broad gap of time between heaven and hell. In one hour an angel of light standing near the throne—in the next revolted, fallen, banished, the prince and leader of devils. So, too, with us the fall is swift, the fall is sudden. Ye are chosen and elected, called to grace—all our old sins forgiven. This regeneration is the work of a moment. We look back and remember the hour in which the light came down upon us, as at Pentecost. But we may extinguish the light in blackest darkness—we may lose this divine heritage, forfeit our citizen-ship in the eternal city; and this extinction, this loss, may be the work of a moment."

Groans both loud and deep, plaintive feminine sighs, disjointed ejaculations of "Alas!" and "Too true!" spoke the conviction of the assembled sinners.

"Oh, my brethren, wretched sinners, groveling in the dust and ashes of this little world, if at this moment the last trump should sound, and the heavens be rent asunder, and the great Judge appear shining in his unspeakable splendor, calling men to judgment, how many among us could answer to that awful summons without fear and trembling, and the knowledge that eternal death was our just doom? How many would be find in this crowded chapel fit to stand before him? how many of those blessed ones for whom judgment would mean reward everlasting? Would he find twenty, do you think, or ten, or five? Alas! my fellow-sinners, would he find one?"

He lifted his arms aloft at this solemn question, looking up as if he verily saw that appalling day—the great white throne, the company of angels, the throng of saints and martyrs, the Divine Judge himself, in their dazzling glory.

"Oh, come not yet, awful Judge!" he cried; "we are not ready. Leave us a little more time to wrestle with Satan, to repent our iniquities, to loosen the bondage of this earthly tabernacle, before we stand naked at thy throne. Who among all these is prepared to meet thy summons? Who does not tremble as I do at the thought of thine anger?"

"Ay, tremble, sinner; quail before the God you have blasphemed!" cried a resonant voice at the end of the chapel. "Tremble, hypocrite; for the sins of those whom you pretend to teach are white as snow beside the blackness of your guilt!"

There was a sudden commotion in the crowded chapel; every one turned toward the door at the end of the building, from which direction the voice came.

Naomi's heart sank with an appalling dread. Too well she knew that voice, though she had never before heard it raised in those tones of withering denunciation.

"A worthy teacher!" cried Arnold Pentreath, facing the excited congregation, who were all standing up in their pews and staring at him, as he stood conspicuous among the crowd at the door: "a teacher to call sinners to repentance—a fit exponent of Gospel truth—a man whose soul is steeped in hypocrisy, whose hands are stained with blood!"

Then rose a chorus of exclamations; and then one of the staunchest of Joshua's followers, a brawny farmer, opened the door of his pew and pushed his way out into the narrow aisle.

"Now look'ee yere, Cap'n Pentreath," he said; "I ain't goin' to stand by and yere Muster Haggard abused. You'll just hold your tongue; and if you're gone mazed, you'll take your madness out o' this yere chapel."

On this there rose a general cry of reprobation at the captain's unseemly conduct, Joshua Haggard standing up in his pulpit all the while, looking down at his bewildered flock, firm as a rock, but pale to the lips.

"Come out, come out, all of you, and see the witness I bring against him. You think I accuse him without grounds for my accusation. I have my evidence close by—damning evidence. Let him confront it if he can. Do you know that this man—your teacher and guide—is a murderer, a secret assassin!"

"It's a lie!" roared the man who had last spoken; "it's a lie, and I'd ram your lying words down your throat if I could get at 'ee!"

"It's the truth, and he knows it. Look at him. He doesn't deny it, you see. Look at your teacher—he's dumb. His eloquence fails him for the first time in his life. He does not fear to insult his God by his lying oracles, but he shrinks from the face of the man he has injured. Come out, Joshua Haggard, and meet your accuser. He is at the door. He is waiting—oh, so patiently!—till you come and look him in the face."

Naomi could just distinguish the sailor's white face in the dim light. He stood above the crowd, raised on the step of the door, the entrance of Little Bethel being somewhat higher than the chapel itself.

All was over, then. The worst an avenging God could bring to pass had come. Her father was known to others as that which she had in so many an hour of agony suspected him to be. He was known as a murderer. By some means or other the secret had been made known. God's ways are wonderful and mysterious. She had always thought that it would be so. Her lost lover's blood cried aloud for vengeance, and the great Avenger had heard the cry.

At last Joshua spoke, and that firm, full voice, in which he had so often swayed and moved his flock, silenced all ejaculations. Every eye was now turned toward the preacher, and all waited his indignant denial of the charge brought against him.

"I am accused of murder," said Joshua, calmly and deliberately; "and we are told the witness of my crime is at the door. Let us go forth and meet him. Those who know me best here knows whether God ever meant me to be the shedder of my brother's blood. He mak th one vessel to honor and another to dishonor. My position hitherto has been honor, and you who know me can say whether I have been deserving of any other lot."

"There is not a better man in the country," cried the farmer, who had first taken upon himself to be Joshua's champion.

"Nor a more pious—nor a more charitable man," clamored many voices.

"God, who knows all things," cried Joshua, lifting up his voice with a sudden burst of passion, "knows that whatever I have taught in this tabernacle of His, I have taught from my heart of hearts. I have travailed for this people. I have loved them, and striven for them. I have not cheated them with pleasant words, though my heart yearned toward them. Where others have chastised with whips, I have chastised with scorpions; but I have preached the Gospel with a single mind. I have had no thought save to teach and to save. O Lord, if I have been the vilest of sinners, at least in this thy house I have been a true and faithful servant."

"Ay, and so you have, Muster Haggard," chimed in a chorus of women.

"And now let us go forth to meet my accuser," said Joshua, opening the door of his pulpit, and slowly descending the stairs.

Naomi had come out into the aisle. She threw herself in his way as he passed, and linked her arm through his; and thus linked, they came along the narrow space together, the congregation falling back a little to let them pass.

Joshua did not repulse his daughter. He suffered her to hold his arm, seemingly scarcely conscious of the contact. His dark deep-set eyes looked straight before him under bent brows; his firm lips were closely set. He looked a man who was ready to confront Satan himself in bodily form.

"Come," cried Arnold, beside himself with suppressed passion, "your accuser is not loud or clamorous. He will wait quietly till you go to him. It is I that am impatient to set you face to face."

Joshua and his daughter were at the door by this time. They came close to Arnold. Naomi almost touched him as the crowd swayed against her. She looked at him with an expression he never forgot.

"Oh, Arnold, what have you done?" she said piteously, in a low voice.

"My duty to my brother."

They were outside the chapel in the next moment, in the clear summer evening. The stars were shining in the pale gray; the great green hills stood up against the cool sky. All wore its accustomed look of rustic peace. And just in front of the chapel door, four men were standing with a litter, on which there lay a quiet figure covered with a tarpaulin.

"Come and look at my witness," said Arnold, seizing Joshua by the arm, and dragging him towards the litter, and bending over it to lift the edge of the covering which shrouded that motionless form.

"Stop," cried Joshua, with a shuddering movement, "you need not lift it; I can guess. It is death you would have me look on."

"Yes, death—the body of the man you murdered; my dead brother, whom you slandered in his unhallowed grave, telling me that he had died the death of the suicide. Hark ye, neighbors," cried Arnold, turning to the awe-stricken crowd; "it is my brother—Oswald Pentreath—who lies here, shot through the heart by yonder villain nearly a year ago. God only knows if there is evidence enough to bring him to the gallows; but God knows, and I know, that he did the deed. Before you all I accuse him—your preacher, your pastor, your example of righteousness—he is my brother's murderer. The corpse lies here, silent witness of the crime. He—your preacher yonder—was seen waiting for my brother close to the spot where that corpse was found; shots were heard by the witness who saw him, and my brother was never seen after those shots were fired—never seen; he was lying at the bottom of the old shaft, murdered, and flung there to rot, forgotten and unknown. And the murderer looked me in the face and told me my brother was a coward, and had slain himself. If earthly justice cannot touch him, if earthly ingenuity cannot bring this crime home to his door, may God's justice punish him as never man was punished by mortal avenger! May Heaven make his lot more bitter than the hardest doom man's inhumanity ever devised for his fellow-man's torture!"

"Take your corpse to the dead-house," cried Joshua, with a contemptuous calmness, as if those passionate threats of Arnold's passed him by like the wind, "and make your complaint to the coroner. It is his business to find out the cause of your brother's death. And here know that I saved Oswald Pentreath's life at the peril of my own. That is my answer to your charge."

"Ay, that we do!" cried ever so many voices, and the crowd turned angrily upon Joshua's accuser. "We all remember how he saved the young squire that stormy day four years ago—risked his life as though it weren't worth a groat, and brought him in alive off the rock when ne'er another would ha' done it. Don't be afraid, Muster Haggard. Let un try to lay a finger on 'ee!"

"Come home, father, come home," whispered Naomi, white as death, and trembling so that she could hardly stand, yet with firmness to make her careful for the father who had always been first in her love and reverence—who was first to-night even, when her lover's corpse lay there before her under its dark pall, awful, unsightly, a thing to be thought of with horror.

She held her father by the arm and led him away from that dreadful spot, scarcely able to walk herself, and yet supporting and sustaining him. The crowd followed, as if protecting the minister—followed and congregated around the garden-rails as Joshua went into his house; and Arnold was left alone with his dead and the little group of farm-laborers who had helped him in his hideous discovery.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

UGLY FACTS.—An egotist is especially hated by all other egotists. Those who believe that money can do everything are frequently prepared to do everything for money. The only good that a miser does is to prove the little happiness there is to be found in wealth. To be angry with a weak man is a proof that you are not very strong yourself. Scandal is the reputation of the wicked. There are men who may be called "martyrs of good health;" not content with being well, they are always wishing to be better, until they doctor themselves into being confirmed invalids, and die ultimately, you may say, of too much health.

NEWS NOTES.

MANUFACTURING interests at Taunton, Mass., show gradual improvement.

A PUBLIC movement is to be organized in New York city to provide a statue of Alexander Hamilton.

THUS far in New York 1876 has been the best year on record for the export of domestic cottons with only two exceptions.

IT is expected that the shipyards in Newburyport, Mass., will complete and put into the market next year 10,000 tons of shipping.

IT is said that there are 50,000 Hebrews in New York, and that of the number one hundred have estates valued at $1,000,000 or upwards.

OVER $13,000 have been subscribed for the family of Mr. Haywood, the brave bank cashier, who was shot by the robber at Northfield, Mass.

THE British Admiralty have ordered the immediate construction of six steel corvettes to serve as cruisers in the Pacific and Chinese waters.

WHEDEN and his associates in the Pennsville prize-fight were recently convicted of manslaughter, the penalty for which is ten years' imprisonment.

WHILE Newfoundland has a population of only 161,000 against 387,000 for Nova Scotia, her exports for the year 1875 exceeded those of Nova Scotia by more than $2,000,000.

IMPORTATION of potatoes from Great Britain, Portugal and Greece, as well as the United States, has been forbidden by the Swedish government, in order to guard against the Colorado beetle.

THE bronze statue of Daniel Webster which arrived in New York several days ago, will be placed on its pedestal in Central Park, November 25th. Mayor Wickham will preside on the occasion.

OFFICIAL information received at the Bureau of Statistics shows that, during the month of October, 1876, there arrived at the port of New York 6350 emigrants, of whom 3628 were males and 2022 females.

THE tea plant was introduced into India forty years ago, and already about 2000 acres are covered with it on the slopes of the Neilgherry Hills. The yield of the current year has been over 18,000,000 pounds, valued at $10,000,000.

IT appears probable that all the guaranteeing powers will agree to the proposal for a conference at Constantinople. French and Italian Commissioners have proceeded to the Turkish and Montenegrin camps to fix the line of demarcation.

LARGE quantities of potatoes are arriving in New England from the British provinces. A steamer arrived at Boston the other day, from Prince Edward's Island, with ten thousand bushels, which is said to be the largest cargo ever received at that port.

THERE is now no serious subject of controversy between the United States and Spain, the latter having in a spirit of friendship acceded to the views of the former for the trial of the American citizens in the Island of Cuba accused of crime before civil tribunals.

THE aggregate value of French imports during the first nine months of the present year was 2,829,000,000 francs, against 2,625,000,000 francs during the corresponding period of 1875. The exports amount to 2,000,000,000 francs, against 2,361,000,000 francs for the first nine months of 1875.

SOME particulars are furnished by the French Society of Engineers of the preliminary works for the Channel tunnel. Greater progress, it is said, is being made in France than in England in the formation of the company, but the $4000,000 required for the preliminary surveys have not yet been raised.

IT is estimated that there are now in operation in the United States no less than 800 paper mills, which are valued at $40,000,000 of capital invested, with a total production of $70,000,000. These mills give employment nominally to 20,000 people, whose earnings are footed up at $10,000,000 annually.

THE following is a summary of the entrances and clearances of American and foreign vessels at the port of New York during the month of September: Coastwise trade—entered, 204; cleared, 327; American vessels entered from foreign countries, 172; cleared, 136; foreign vessels entered from foreign countries, 343; cleared to foreign countries, 318.

ALONG the Virgin River, in Nevada, are some of the most remarkable salt formations in the world. They are mountains of crystal salt, extending for more than thirty miles. The salt lies under a shallow covering of earth, and is raised by blasting. Most of it is perfectly pure, and is so clear that the fine letters can be read through pieces of it a foot in thickness.

IT is stated by the Treasury officials at Washington that during the past three months there has been an active demand for money at Hong Kong, which has been met by shipments of silver from San Francisco, both on home and European account. Silver was formerly shipped to China by way of London. Should the Chinese demand for that metal continue importations of silver at New York from Europe will probably soon be made.

BRITISH manufacturers are complaining that the street cars used there are made in the United States, because the British mechanics cannot do the work properly; the iron girders for the Central Station in Glasgow are being constructed in Belgium; some of the Sheffield steel manufacturers are leaving the country, and American cotton goods can be exported from Liverpool cheaper than those of English make can be from Manchester.

THE biennial report on the progress of Oregon gives the whole population of the State in 1875 as about 105,000,000, against 87,000 in 1870, but, though the growth of population is slow, a prodigious amount of wealth is produced. Nearly 800,000 acres of land are under cultivation, 5,250,000 bushels of wheat are raised, over 3,000,000 bushels of other grain, 1,863,000 pounds of wool, 1,555,000 pounds of butter, besides 4,800 barrels of salmon and 80,000 cases of canned salmon, the salmon fishery alone being valued at $2,000,000 a year.

AMERICAN fresh meat in England, conveyed across the Atlantic in refrigerators, is one of the general unconsidered facts which are probably destined to develop into important enterprises. In London the papers are discussing the establishment of a service of swift steamers, especially fitted up for the importation into England of live cattle as well as butcher's meat. Canada is naturally looked up to as the source of supply. Exporters from the United States—if the traffic should fulfill its promise—will have done much to secure the market, by means of the present facilities, before a special "victuallers' line" of steamers can be organised.

EXHIBITION NOTES.

PLENTY of chances now to buy a second-hand house among the buildings to be removed from the Park.

A GRAND competitive exhibition of fireworks of English and American manufacture is to come off on the Centennial Grounds November 9th.

IT is expected that the round number of eight million paying visitors will be reached by the end of the Exhibiton, making a total receipt of $4,000,000 gate money.

A LARGE proportion of the exhibitors are willing that their contributions shall remain in the permanent Exhibition. The probabilities are that the scheme will be successful.

THE restaurants, and stands for the sale of soda water, pop-corn, etc., within the Centennial Grounds, have cleared a handsome profit. Most of the ventures on the outside have had a season of grief.

THE man who "did" the Exhibition in one day, says he had his money's worth, but that it will take him several weeks to remember what he saw. He compares it to eating one meal in a week, and taking the rest of the time to digest it.

M. DU SOMMERARD, Chief Commissioner of France for the Centennial Exposition, declares that the letter attacking the management of the Exhibition and containing other base charges, the authorship of which is attributed to him, is an utter fabrication.

THE donation of St. George's House has been followed by the presentation of the chief part of the British art educational collection from South Kensington Museum in London, now at the Exhibition. Part of this will go to the Pennsylvania Museum to be established in Memorial Hall, and part to the new Educational Museum at Washington.

THE Board of Finance have resolved that all the buildings erected from their funds shall be offered for sale at public auction on the 1st of next month, the sale beginning at 11 o'clock in the morning. The structures to come under the hammer, on that day, are the Main Building, Art Annex, Carriage Annex, Photographic Annex, Shoe and Leather Building, Agricultural Hall, Judges' Hall, Wagon Building, Pomological Hall, Butter and Cheese Building, Annexes of the Main Building and of Machinery Hall, barracks and mess houses of the guards, and firemen, and a number of smaller buildings. Twenty-five per cent. of the bid for any building, in cash or its equivalent, will be required as soon as the purchase is "knocked down." Pamphlets, giving all particulars of the buildings to be sold, may be had on and after the 20th inst., upon application to M. Thomas & Sons, auctioneers, who are to conduct the sale.

BY a recent resolution of the Commission, the Grounds will be open to all persons paying an admission fee of fifty cents for one week after the closing day of the Exhibition, and as much longer as may be deemed necessary or expedient. The Director General believes, however, that before the 15th instant, all exhibits that are not to be left for the permanent Exhibition will be disarranged or in process of packing up for removal. This he thinks will be particularly the case with all goods from a distance, the owners of which are anxious to get them home before the advent of severe cold weather. He states, though, that, however great may be the dispatch exercised in removal, it will be impossible to complete the latter in less than a month from next Friday. Regarding persons holding free passes to the Exhibition, Mr. Yates says it is probable that, as long as they have the same business at the latter which calls them there now, the means by which they may enter the grounds after the 10th instant will be the presentation to the gate-keeper of the remnant of their present pass and also their visiting card. The keeper will then punch the latter and drop it into the box.

TUESDAY, November 7th., being Women's Day, was, notwithstanding the weather, appropriately celebrated. The Women's Pavilion was handsomely decorated for the accommodation of the officers. The exercises began at twelve o'clock with some fine selections by the Girard College Band, who had volunteered their services for the occasion. After this the object of the gathering together was briefly stated by Mrs. Gillespie, and a committee in behalf of the exhibitors in the building made a presentation of some elegant bronzes to four of the officers of the building, viz: Mrs. E. L. Caldwell, Miss E. Horner, Mrs. E. M. Long and Mrs. M. M. Husband. Mrs. Nicholson on behalf of the Committee, consisting of Mrs. Stiles, Mrs. Brooks, Mrs. Harley and others, presented three elegant pieces of bronze with a brief address. The reply was made by Mrs. E. M. Long. These bronzes consist of a very beautiful bronze vase standing eighteen inches in height; a pair of bronze pitchers of slender and very elegant shape and artistically ornamented; a small statuette of Christopher Columbus in a position half sitting and half reclining, and apparently engaged in studying out some difficult problem, as his tools and instruments are around him. Also a handsome flower-stand, the bowl of painted porcelain and supported by two little bronze caryatides, and the base of black bronze. The ceremonies of the day closed with a reception of the ladies from the city and from all parts of the Union by the president of the Women's Association, Mrs. E. D. Gillespie, who gave all a cordial welcome.

MAYOR STOKLEY has received the following letter from the Japanese Centennial Commission, offering their dwelling and garden on the Exhibition Grounds to the city of Philadelphia as a token of the appreciation of the Imperial Government of the hospitalities and kindness received by its representatives in the Centennial City:

IMPERIAL JAPANESE COMMISSION, PHILADELPHIA, November 8, 1876.—*The Hon. W. S. Stokley, the Mayor, City of Philadelphia*—SIR: The Centennial Exhibition is now approaching its close, and we, who, with the representatives of other nations, have been fortunate enough to participate in its great success, are about to return to our country.

But we all feel that it would be impossible to leave America without previously requesting you, who so ably presided over the destinies of the city of Philadelphia, to convey to its citizens our very sincere thanks for the splendid hospitality with which we have everywhere been received, and to assure them that we shall ever retain a grateful recollection of their numerous acts of friendship and kindness.

In the early part of last Spring the Imperial Commission decided to erect a Japanese house of native workmanship in the neighborhood of your beautiful Memorial Hall and in the Centennial Grounds. To this construction a Japanese garden was added and planted with trees, shrubs and flowers brought for that purpose, the whole garden being laid out by one of our Government gardeners.

As Vice President of this Commission, I have the honor to offer for the acceptance of your city the Japanese house and garden referred to above, and trust that it may be accepted as a token of the appreciation of His Majesty's Government of the hospitality and kindness which the Japanese have received in the United States. I have the honor to be, sir, your obedient servant,

T. SAIGO,
Lieutenant General Imperial Army and Vice President Imperial Commission.

A BALLET-GIRL.

BY ULMER.

She had been educated as a dancer from infancy. She had been on the stage all her life; had literally grown up behind the scenes of a theatre. Her parents were respectable, though it is difficult to define their position in the social scale. Her mother was paralytic and bedridden. The father was enfeebled by age, and could only earn a pittance by copying law papers. Georgiana, the ballet-dancer, their only child, by her energetic exertions, supplied the whole wants of the family. And what were those exertions? The mind of the most imaginative reader could hardly picture what we know to be a reality. Georgina's parents kept no servant; she discharged the entire duties of the household—cooking, washing, sewing—everything. From daylight to midnight not a moment of her time was unemployed. She must be at rehearsal every morning at ten o'clock, and she had two miles and a half to walk to the theatre. Before that hour she had the morning meal of her parents to prepare, her marketing to accomplish, her household arrangements for the day to make; if early in the week, her washing; if in the middle of the week, her ironing; if at the close, her sewing; for she made all her own and her mother's dresses. At what hour in the morning must she have risen?

Her ten o'clock rehearsal lasted from two to four hours—more frequently the latter. But watch her in the theatre, and you never found her hands idle. When she was not on the stage, you were sure of discovering her in some quiet corner, knitting lace, cutting grass aprons out of tissue paper, making artificial flowers, or embroidering articles of fancy work, by the sale of which she added to her narrow means. From rehearsal she hastened home to prepare the midday meal of her parents, and attend to her mother's wants. After dinner she received a class of children, to whom she taught dancing for a trifling sum. If she had half an hour to spare, she assisted her father in copying law papers. Then tea must be prepared, and her mother arranged comfortably for the night. Her long walk to the theatre must be accomplished at least half an hour before the curtain rose—barely time to make her toilet. If she was belated by her home avocations, she was compelled to run the whole distance. Not to be ready for the stage would have subjected her to a forfeit. Between the acts, or when she was not on the stage, there she sat again, in her snug corner of the green-room, dressed as a fairy, or a maid of honor, or a peasant, or a page, with a bit of work in her hands, only laying down the needle, which her fingers actually made fly, when she was summoned by the call-boy, or required to change her costume by the necessities of the play. Sometimes she was at liberty at ten o'clock, but oftener not until half-past eleven, and then there was the long walk home before her. Her mother generally awoke at the hour when Georgiana was expected, and a fresh round of filial duties were to be performed.

No one ever heard her murmur. Her fragile form spoke of strength overtasked; it was more careworn than her face. That had always a look of busy serenity off the stage, a softly-animated expression when occupied before the audience in the duties of her profession. She had a ready smile when addressed, a meek reply when rudely chided by the churlish ballet-master or despotic stage-manager. Many a time have the tears been dropping upon her work; but if they were noticed, she would brush them away, and say she was foolish, and cried for nothing. Her devotion to her parents was the strongest impulse of her nature. In her early youth she had been engaged to a young man, a musician, belonging to the orchestra. They had been betrothed for several years. Some fairer face, though he could scarcely have found a sweeter, had rendered him faithless. She bore her deep sorrow with that lovable submission which elevates and purifies the spirit, but gave her heart away no more. The breath of slander had never shadowed her name. Younger and gayer girls in the theatre used to designate her as the "old maid," but this was the hardest word that any one ever applied to Georgiana.

Her answer to a sympathizing "How weary you must be at night!" was, "Yes; but I am so thankful that I have health to get through with so much. What would become of my poor mother, or of my father, if I fell ill?"

And this flower blossomed within the walls of a theatre, was the indigenous growth of that theatre; a *wallflower*, if you like, but still sending up the rich fragrance of gratitude to Him by whose hand it was fashioned. To the eyes of the Pharisee, who denounces all dramatic representations, while with self-applauding righteousness he boldly approaches the throne of mercy, this "ballet-girl," like the poor publican, stood "afar off." To the eyes of the great Judge, which stood the nearer?

PENSIONERS.

The Hon. J. A. Bentley, Commissioner of Pensions, has furnished to the Secretary of the Interior the annual report exhibiting the operations of the Pension Bureau for the last fiscal year. The total number of pensioners on the roll June 30, 1876, was 234,821, or 2,684 less than the total number one year previously. The roll of army invalid pensioners was increased by the addition of 2,912 names during the year and numbered on the 30th of last June 105,478. The number of widows and minors on the roll decreased 3,718, leaving 104,885 names. The total number of survivors of the war of 1812 borne on the roll at the close of the last fiscal year was 15,875, showing that 1,600 had died during the twelve months. The total amount paid out for pensions during the year was $28,351,599, leaving a balance of about $1,650,000 not drawn from the appropriation. There were filed during the year 42,877 pension claims of various characters, original and for increase of pensions, of which 17,451 were adjudicated by allowance and 10,122 by rejection—total, 27,583, or only 64 per cent. of the number filed. There are 86,973 unadjudicated claims, besides upwards of 60,000 so-called "rejected claims" pertaining to service in the late war, all of which are subject to be called up and reopened. Of this latter class 2,033 were reopened during the year. Of the pending claims 19,283 were filed prior to January 1, 1870. This accumulation of claims is not only adding greatly to the labor of the office year by year, but the great delay in their settlement is causing much complaint, and, in many cases, is undoubtedly working hardship and injustice to the claimants. Commissioner Bentley attributes this condition of affairs partly to the smallness of the force of the bureau and of Surgeon General's office, partly to the inconvenient rooms occupied until lately, and partly to the defective system of adjudication.

INSTEAD OF TRIFLING WITH A BAD COLD, use Dr. Jayne's Expectorant, and save your Lungs and Throat much dangerous wear and tear.

A DOUBLE HARVEST.

A farmer sat at his kitchen door,
Smoking his morning pipe,
And over the fields his eyes were cast,
Where the grain so golden ripe,
Nodded away
Through the summer day,
With shadows and sunshine hand at play.

Down by the gate the farmer saw
(And he chuckled low in glee)
Two, who whispered together there;
"So!" said the farmer, "I see!
If I guess aright,
And their skies are bright,
There'll be harvesting soon with main and might."

The weeks went by, and the old barn groaned
With the might of harvest store;
But the farmer laughed, for well he knew
There remained one harvest more,
Since Cupid had sown,
With grain of his own,
A crop that love must harvest alone.

The farmer sat at his kitchen door,
When the evening meal was done,
And he laid a kiss on his daughter's brow,
And welcomed his new-found son;
And the harvest time,
With wedding bells chime,
Sang I. ays into merry rhyme.

EDINA.

BY MRS. HENRY WOOD,

AUTHOR OF "EAST LYNNE."

[This story was commenced in No. 19, Vol. 48. Back numbers can always be obtained.]

CHAPTER XI.

PLANNING OUT THE FUTURE.

It has been already said that there were originally three of the brothers Raynor: Francis, who was an officer in Her Majesty's service; Henry, the clergyman, and Hugh, the doctor. The youngest of these, Hugh, was the first to marry by several years; the next to marry was Henry. Henry might have married earlier, but could not afford it: he waited until a living was given to him. In the pretty country Rectory attached to his church, he and his wife lived for one brief year of their married life, and then she died, leaving him a little boy-baby, who was named Francis, after the clergyman's eldest brother. Some ten years subsequently, the Rev. Henry Raynor himself died, and the little boy was an orphan, possessed of just sufficient means to educate him and give him a start in life in some not too costly profession. He chose that of medicine, as his Uncle Hugh had done before him.

The eldest of the three was the last to marry, Captain Raynor. He and his young wife led rather a scrambling sort of life for some years afterwards, always in a puzzle how to make both ends of their straitened income meet; and then a piece of good fortune (as the Captain regarded it) befell him. Some distant relative left him an annuity of five hundred a year. Five hundred a year certain, in addition to his pay, seemed like riches to the Captain; while his unsophisticated and not too-well-managing wife thought they were clear of shoals for life.

Very close upon this, the Captain shot up a step in rank, and obtained his majority. This was succeeded by a very long and severe attack of illness; and the Major, too hastily deciding that he should never be again fit for active service, sold out. He and his wife settled down in a pretty cottage-villa, called Spring Lawn, in the neighborhood of Bath, bringing up their children there in much the same scrambling sort of fashion that they had previously lived. No order, no method; all good-hearted carelessness, good-natured improvidence. Just as it had been in their earlier days, so was it now; they never knew where to look for a shilling of ready money. That it would be so all through life with Major Raynor, whatever might be the amount of his income, was pretty certain; he was sanguine, offhand, naturally improvident. The proceeds from the sale of his commission had all vanished, chiefly in paying back debts; the five hundred a year was all they had to live upon, and that five hundred would die with the Major; and, in short, they seemed to be worse off now than before the annuity came. Considering that they spent considerably more than the five hundred yearly, and yet had no comfort to show for it, and that debts had gathered again over the Major's head, it was little to be wondered at that they were not well off. The Major never gave a thought to consequences; debt sat as lightly upon him as though it had been a wreath of laurel leaves. If he did feel slightly worried at times, what mattered it; he should, sooner or later, come into Eagles' Nest, when all things would be smooth as glass. A more prudent man than the Major might have seen cause to entertain doubt of the absolute certainty of the estate coming to him. He did not: he looked upon the inheritance of it as sure and certain.

The reader has probably not forgotten Mr. and Mrs. Timothy Atkinson—at whose house Edina had stayed so many years. Changes had taken place since then. Both the partners in the bank (they were not brothers, but second cousins) were dead, and the firm had long been Atkinson & Street. For, upon the death of the two old men, Mr. George Atkinson, their sole successor, took his managing clerk, Edwin Street, into partnership. The bank was not one of magnitude—I think this has already been said—only a private one. The acting head of it was, to all intents and purposes, Edwin Street, for Mr. George Atkinson passed the greater portion of his time abroad, making a visit home only every two or three years. He was well off, and did not choose to worry himself with the cares of business; had the bank been given up to-morrow, he would have had plenty of money without it.

During his later life, Mr. Timothy Atkinson had invested the chief portion of his savings in the purchase of an estate in Kent, called Eagles' Nest. He was not a rich man, as bankers go, never having been an equal partner in the firm; drawing from it in fact but a small share. His death at the last was somewhat sudden, and occurred during one of his sojourns at Eagles' Nest. Mrs. Atkinson, his widow—not less portly than of yore, and still much of an invalid—summoned her two brothers to attend the funeral: Major Raynor from Bath, Dr. Raynor from Tremnach. The Major went up at once; Dr. Raynor sent a refusal, his plea of excuse being that he could not leave his patients, the season being one of unusual sickness. This refusal Mrs. Atkinson, never a very genial-natured woman, or at all cordial with her brothers, resented.

When Mr. Timothy Atkinson's will was opened, it was found that he had left everything he possessed to his wife unconditionally. Consequently the estate was now at her own disposal. Though a pretty, compact property, it was not a large one—worth some two thousand a year, but capable of great improvement.

On the day following the funeral, Mrs. Atkinson went up to her house in London, the Major accompanying her. There she found George Atkinson, who had just arrived in England; which was to her an agreeable surprise. He had always been a favorite of hers, and he would be useful to her just now.

"I shall leave it to you, George," she suddenly observed one morning, a few days subsequent to this, as they sat together looking over letters and papers.

"Leave what to me, aunt?" For he had taken to call her "aunt" as a child, and did so yet.

"Eagles' Nest."

George Atkinson laid down the bundle of letters he was untying, and looked questioningly at the old lady, almost as though he doubted her words.

"I am sure, aunt, you cannot mean that."

"Why can't I mean it, pray?"

"Because it is a thing that you must not think of doing. You have near relatives in your brothers. It is they who should benefit by your will."

"My brothers can't both inherit the place," retorted the old lady.

"The elder of them can—Major Raynor."

"I like you better, George, than I like him."

"I am very glad that you should like me—but not that your liking for me should render you unjust to your family," he returned, firmly but gently. "Indeed, dear Mrs. Atkinson, it would be an act of great injustice if you were to prefer me to them."

"My will ought to be made at once," said the old lady.

"Certainly. And I hope you will not as much as mention my name in it," he added with a smile. "I have so very much of my own, you know, that a bequest from you would be superfluous."

The conversation decided Mrs. Atkinson. She sent for her lawyer, John Street, and had her will drawn up in favor of Major Raynor. Legacies to a smaller or larger amount were bequeathed to a few people, but to Major Raynor was left Eagles' Nest. Her brother Hugh, poor Dr. Raynor, of Tremnach, was not mentioned in it, neither was Edina.

The will was made in duplicate; Mrs. Atkinson desired her solicitor to retain possession of one copy; the other she handed to Major Raynor. She affixed her own seal to the envelope in which the will was enclosed, but allowed him first to read it over.

"I don't know how to thank you, aunt, for this," said he, the tears of genuine emotion resting on his eyelashes. "It will be good news for Mary and the young ones."

"Well, I'm told it's the right thing to do, Frank," answered the old lady, who was older than any of her brothers, and had liked to domineer over them in early life.

So Major Raynor went home to Spring Lawn, with the will in his pocket, and considered that from that hour all his embarrassments were over. And Mrs. Atkinson gave up her house in London, and stationed herself for life at Eagles' Nest. While Geo. Atkinson, after a month's sojourn, went abroad again.

But now, as ill-fortune had it, Major Raynor had chanced, since that lucky day, to offend his sister. The year following the making of the will, being in London on some matter of business, he took the opportunity to go down to Eagles' Nest—and without asking permission or sending word. Whether that fact displeased Mrs. Atkinson, or whether she really did not care to see him at all, certain it was, that she was very cross and crabbed, her temper almost unbearable. The Major had a hot temper himself on occasion, and they came to an issue. A sharp quarrel ensued; and the Major, impulsive in all he did, quitted Eagles' Nest there and then. When he reached Spring Lawn, after staying another week in London to complete his business, he found a letter awaiting him from his sister, telling him that she altered her will and left Eagles' Nest to Mr. George Atkinson.

"Stupid old thing!" exclaimed the Major, laughing at what he looked upon as an idle threat. "As if she'd do such a thing as that!" For the Major had never had the remotest idea that she had once intended to make George Atkinson her heir.

And from that hour to this, the Major had not once seriously thought of the letter again. He had never since seen Mrs. Atkinson; had never but once heard from her; but he looked upon Eagles' Nest as being as certainly his, as though it was already in his possession. Once every year, at Christmas time, he wrote his sister a letter of good wishes; to which she did not respond. "Ann never went in for civilities," would observe the Major.

The one exception was this: When his eldest son, Charles, had attained his sixteenth year, the Major mentioned the fact in his annual letter to his sister. A few days afterwards, down came an answer from her, of some half a dozen lines, in which she kindly offered Charles an opening (as she called it) in life—meaning a clerkship in the bank of Atkinson & Street, which her interest would procure for him. Master Charles, who had far higher notions, as befitted the heir to Eagles' Nest, threw up his head in disdain; and the Major wrote a letter of non-acceptance as brief as the old lady's offer. With that exception, they had never heard from her.

The Major and his wife were both incredibly improvident; he in spending money; she in not knowing how to save it. Yielding and gentle, Mrs. Raynor fell in with anything and everything done by her husband, thinking that because he did it, it must be right. She never suggested to him that they might save cost here, and cut it off there; that this outlay would be extravagant, or that unheeded. There are some women really not capable of forethought, and Mrs. Raynor was one of them. As to doing anything to advance their own self-interest, by cultivating Mrs. Atkinson's favor, both were too single-minded for such an act.

It was with them, his uncle and aunt, that Frank Raynor had spent his holidays when a boy, and all his subsequent intervals of leisure. They were just as fond of Frank as they were of their own children; he was ever welcome. The Major sometimes called him "my son Frank," when speaking of him with strangers; very often indeed "my eldest boy." As to taking people in by so doing, the Major had no such thought; but there is no doubt that it did cause many a one, not acquainted with the actual relationship, to understand and believe that Frank was bona fide the Major's son. Possibly their names being the same—Francis—contributed to aid to the impression. Amongst those who had caught up the belief, was Mrs. St. Clare. She had occasionally met the Major and Mrs. Raynor in Bath, though the acquaintanceship was of the slightest. When her son, young St. Clare, came into possession of the Mount, and it was known that she was going to remove there, the Major, meeting her one day near the old pump-room, said to her, in the openness of his heart, "I'll write to Tremnach to my boy Frank and tell him to make himself useful to you." "Oh," returned Mrs. St. Clare, "have you a boy at Tremnach?" "Yes, the eldest of them; he is with his uncle the Doctor," concluded the Major, unsuspiciously. Had he thought it would have created mischief, or even a false impression, he would have swallowed the pump-room, pump and all, before he had spoken it. That the Major was the presumptive heir to Eagles' Nest was well known; and Mrs. St. Clare may be excused for having, under the circumstances, carried with her to her new abode the undoubted belief that Frank would succeed him in the estate.

On the night that the enlightenment took place—when Frank, so candidly and carelessly, disabused Mrs. St. Clare's mind of the impression existing there—he perceived not the chill that the avowal evidently gave her. That it should affect her cordiality to him he never could have feared. A more worldly nature or a selfish one would have seen in a moment that his non-heirship to Eagles' Nest rendered him a less eligible part for Margaret; but Frank Raynor was in worldliness, as in selfishness, singularly deficient. And he quitted the Mount when tea was over, quite unconscious that anything had occurred to diminish the favor in which he was held by its mistress.

Not with that was his mind occupied as he walked home; but rather with thoughts of the future. Daisy was to be his; she had promised it; and Frank would have taken her to him to-morrow, could he have provided her with bread and cheese. How to do this—at least, what would be the best means of doing it—was puzzling his brain now.

He took the road home over the Bare Plain. Never, since the enactment of that fatal tragedy, had Frank Raynor taken it by choice; he always chose the highway. But to-night he had a patient lying ill in the cottages on the Plain; and Dr. Raynor had said to him, call in and see Weston, Frank, as you return. The visit paid, he continued his way homewards. It was a light night; there were neither stars nor moon; but a light haze seemed to shade the sky, and served to light up objects. Frank looked towards the Bottomless Shaft as he passed it; his fascinated eyes turning to it of their own accord. Bringing them back with an effort and a shudder, he went onwards at a quicker pace.

"Will it lie there hidden for ever?" he said to himself half aloud. "Pray Heaven that it may!"

Dr. Raynor was sitting in the small room behind his surgery, a room kept chiefly for private consultation with patients; in his hand was a medical journal which he was reading by lamplight. He put it down when Frank entered.

"I want to ask you something, Uncle Hugh," began Frank, impulsively, as though what he was about to say had been weighing on his mind. "Should I have any difficulty, do you think, in dropping into a practice when I leave you?"

"You do mean to leave me, then, Frank?" returned Dr. Raynor, without immediately replying to the question.

"Why, of course I do, Uncle Hugh," said Frank, in light surprise. "It was always so intended. I came here, you know, for two years, and I have stayed longer."

"And you would not like to stay altogether, and be my partner and successor?"

"No," replied Frank, very promptly. "It would be but a poor living for two people; my share of it very poor, for I could not expect you to give me half. And there are other reasons against it. No, Uncle Hugh, what I want to do is, to jump into some snug little practice in a place where I shall get on. Say in London."

A smile crossed the more experienced Doctor's lips. Young men are so sanguine.

"It is not very easy to 'jump into a snug little practice,' Frank."

"I know that, sir; but there are two ways in which it may be done. One way is, to purchase a share in an established practice; another, to set up well in some likely situation, with a good house and a plate on the door, and all that, and wait for patients to drop in."

"But each of those ways requires money, Frank."

"Oh, of course," acquiesced Frank, with light carelessness, as though money were the most ordinary commodity on earth.

"Well, Frank, where would you get the money from?"

"That's what I want to ask you about, Uncle Hugh. I dare say you remember that when there was so much talk about the will of my Aunt Ann's, it was said that I had a share in it."

"Indeed, Frank, I don't. I remember I was told that she had not left anything to me; and I really remember no more."

"Then you cannot tell me what the amount was?" exclaimed Frank, in an accent of disappointment. "It was that I wanted to ask you."

Dr. Raynor shook his head in the negative. "I have no idea, Frank, whether it was one pound or one thousand. Or many thousands."

"You see, sir, if I knew the exact amount of the sum, I could think upon my plans with more certainty."

"Just so, Frank. As it is, your plans must be somewhat like castles in the air."

"I recollect quite well Uncle Francis telling me that I came in for a good slice. That was the phrase: 'In for a good slice.' He had read the will, you know."

"All I recollect, or know about it, is, that Francis wrote me word nothing was left to me. He said he had remonstrated with Ann—with your aunt—at leaving my name out of the will, but she ordered him, in reply, to mind his own business. I do not care for it myself; I do not, I am sure, covet any of the money Ann may leave; though I could have wished she had not quite passed over Edina."

"She must have a good deal of money, Uncle Hugh, apart from Eagles' Nest."

"I dare say she has."

"And, if Uncle Francis comes in for that money, I should think he would make over the half of it to you. I should, were I in his place."

"Ah, Frank," smiled the Doctor, "people are not so chivalrously generous in this world; even brothers."

"I should call it justice, not generosity, sir."

"If you come to talk of justice, you would be entitled to your share, as Henry's son. He was equally her brother."

"But I don't expect anything of the kind," said Frank. "Provided I have enough to set me up in practice, that's all I care for."

"You would not have that until your aunt dies."

"To be sure not. I am not expecting it before. But what has struck me is this, Uncle Hugh—I have been turning the thing over in my mind as I walked home—that I might, without any dishonor, *reckon* upon the money now."

"In what way? How do you mean?"

"Suppose I go to some old-established man in London who, from some cause or other—advancing years, say—requires some one to relieve him of a portion of his daily work. I say to him, 'Will you take me at present as your assistant, at a fair salary, and when I come into my money'—naming the sum—'I will hand that over to you and become your partner?' Don't you think that seems feasible, sir?"

"I dare say it does, Frank?"

"But then, you see, to do this, I ought to know the exact sum that is coming to me. Unless I were able to state that, I should not be listened to. That's why, sir, I was in hopes that you could inform me what it was."

"And so; would if I knew it, Frank. I do not think Francis mentioned to me that you would come in for anything. I feel sure he did not, or I should remember it."

"That's awkward," mused Frank, thoughtfully balancing on his right-hand fingers the paper-knife which he had caught up from the table. "I wonder he did not tell you, Uncle Hugh."

"To say the truth, so do I," replied Dr. Raynor. "It would have been good news; and he knows that I am equally interested with himself in the welfare of Henry's orphan son. Are you sure, Frank, that you are making no mistake in this?"

"I don't think I am. I was staying at Spring Lawn when the Major came home from Aunt Atkinson's after her husband's death, and he brought her will with him. He was telling us all about it—that Eagles' Nest was to be his, and that there were several legacies, and he turned to me and said, 'You come in for a good slice, Frank.' I recollect it all, sir, as though it had taken place but yesterday."

"Did he mention what the 'slice' was? How much?"

"No, he did not. And I did not like to ask him."

There was a pause. Dr. Raynor began putting the papers straight on the table, his usual custom before leaving them for the night. Frank had apparently gone into a reverie.

"Uncle Hugh," he cried, briskly, lifting his head, his face glowing with some thought, his frank blue eyes bright with it, "if you can spare me for a couple of days, I will go to Spring Lawn and ask Uncle Francis. I should like to be at some certainty."

"I could spare you, Frank; there's nothing particular on hand that I cannot attend to myself for that short time. But——"

"Thank you, Uncle Hugh," interrupted Frank, impetuously. "Then suppose I start to-morrow morning?"

"But—I was about to inquire—what is it that has put all this into your head so suddenly?"

Frank's eager eyes, raised to the Doctor's face, fell at the question. A half-conscious smile parted his lips.

"There's no harm, sir, in trying to plan out one's future."

"None in the world, Frank. I only ask the reason of your setting about it in this—as it seems to me—sudden manner."

"Well—you know, Uncle Hugh—I—I may be marrying sometime."

"And you have been fixing on the lady, I see, Frank!"

A whole smile now upon Frank's face. He was sending the paper-knife round in circles on the table, with rather an unnecessary noise. Doctor Raynor's thoughts were going hither and thither: he could not recall any individual in all the neighborhood of Tremnach likely to be honored by Frank's choice. In an instant an idea flashed over him—and he did not like it.

"Frank! can it be that you are thinking of one of the Miss St. Clares?"

"And if I were, sir?"

"Then—I fear—that there may be trouble in store for you," said the Doctor, gravely. "Mrs. St. Clare would never sanction it."

"But she has sanctioned it, Uncle Hugh. She sanctions it every day of her life."

"Has she told you so?"

"Not in words. But she sees how much I and Daisy are together, and she allows it. *That* will be all right, Uncle Hugh."

"Daisy? Let me see? Oh, that is the young one: she is a nice little girl, I cannot say I like the elder. But——"

"But what, sir?"

"You are by nature over-sanguine, Frank; and I cannot help thinking that you are so in this. Rely upon it, there is some mistake; Mrs. St. Clare is a proud, haughty woman, remarkably alive, unless I am mistaken, to self-interest. She would not be likely to give a daughter to one whose prospects are so uncertain as yours."

"But I am wishing to make my prospects more certain, you see, uncle. And I can assure you, she approves of me for Daisy."

"Well, well; if so, I am glad to hear it. Nevertheless it surprises me. I should have supposed she would look in a higher rank for suitors for her daughters. The little girl is a nice girl, I say, Frank, and you have my best wishes."

"Thank you, Uncle Hugh," warmly repeated Frank, rising, his whole face flushing with pleasure as he met the Doctor's hand. "Of course you understand that it must not yet be talked of: I must speak to Mrs. St. Clare first."

"I shall not be likely to talk of it," replied Dr. Raynor.

CHAPTER XII.

MAJOR AND MRS. RAYNOR.

The windows of Spring Lawn stood open to the afternoon sun. It was a small, pretty white house, half cottage, half villa, situated about three miles from Bath. A latticed portico, over which crept the white-blossomed clematis, led into a miniature hall: Major Raynor could just turn round in it. On either side was a small sitting-room, the dining-room on the left, the drawing-room on the right.

The scrambling mid-day dinner was over. Somehow all the meals seemed to be scrambling ones at the Major's from the utter want of order. Unless Edina was there to maintain it: and that was but a chance event: a brief and rare interlude, occurring at long intervals in life. Some wine stood on the old red-and-blue checked table-cover, with a plate of biscuits. On one side of the table sat the Major: a tall and very portly man, with a bald head and a white moustache, looking every day of his nine-and-sixty years. He had been getting on for fifty when he married his young wife; who was not quite eight-and-thirty yet; a delicate, fragile-looking woman, with a small fair face and gentle voice, mild blue eyes, a pink color, and thin light brown hair quietly braided back from it. Mrs. Raynor looked what she was: a yielding, amiable, helpless woman; one who could never be strong-minded in any emergency whatever, but somehow one to be loved at first sight.

She sat sideways to the table—as indeed did the Major opposite, their faces turned to the window—her feet on a footstool, and her hands busy with work, apparently a new frock she was making for one of her younger children. She wore a faded muslin gown, green its predominant color; a score of pins, pertaining to the work in process, sticking in her waistband.

They were talking of the weather. The Major was generally in a state of heat. To-day he had walked into Bath and back again, and got in late for dinner, puffing and steaming, for it was up-hill. He liked to have a fly one way at least; but he had not always the money in his pocket to pay for it.

"Yes, it was like an oven in the sun, Mary," continued he, enlarging upon the weather. "I don't remember any one single year that the heat has come upon us so early."

"That is why I have a good deal of sewing to do just now," observed Mrs. Raynor. "We have had to take to our summer things before they were ready. Look at poor dear little Robert! The child must be melted in that stuff frock."

"What's the nurse about?—can't she make him one?" asked the Major.

"Oh, Francis, she has so much to do. With all these children! She does some sewing; but she has not time for much."

The Major, sipping his wine just then, looked over the rim of his glass at the children, sitting on the grass-plat. Four of them, in whose ages there was evidently more than the ordinary difference between brothers and sisters. One looked like a nearly grown-up young lady. That was Alice. She wore a washed-out cotton dress and a frayed black silk apron. Alfred was the next, aged ten, in an old brown holland blouse and tumbled hair. Kate, in another washed-out cotton and a pinafore, was eight; and Robert was just turned three, a chubby, fat child in a thick woolen plaid frock. They were stemming cowslips to make balls, and were as happy as the day was long.

"I saw Mrs. Manners in Bath this morning," resumed the Major. "She says she is coming to spend a long day here."

"I hope she'll not come until Bobby's new frock is finished," said Mrs. Raynor, her fingers plying the needle more swiftly at the thought. "He looks so shabby in that old thing."

"As if it mattered? Who cares what children have on?"

"Oh I forgot to tell you, Francis—the butcher asked to see me this morning: he came over for orders himself. He says he must have some money."

"Oh, does he?" returned the Major, with careless unconcern. "I don't know when I shall have any for him, I'm sure. Did you tell him so?"

"I did not go to him: I sent Charley. I do hope he will not stop the meat!"

"As if he would do that!" cried the Major, throwing up his head with a beaming smile. "He knows I shall come into plenty of money sooner or later."

At this moment the children came rushing with one accord to the window, and stood—those who were tall enough—with their arms on its sill. Alice with the cowslips gathered up in her apron. Little Robert—often called Baby—who toddled up last, could only stretch his hands up to the edge of the sill.

"Mamma—papa," said Alice, a graceful girl, with the clearly-cut Raynor features and her mother's mild blue eyes, "we want to have a little party and a feast of strawberries and cream. It would be so delightful out here on the grass, with tables and chairs, and ——"

"The strawberries are not in yet," interrupted the Major. "Except those in the expensive shops."

"When they are in, we mean, papa. Shall we?"

"To be sure," said papa, as pleased with the idea as were the children. "Perhaps we could borrow a cow and make some syllabubs!"

Back ran the children, to fall on the grass again, and plan out pleasure for the anticipated feast. Alice was seventeen; but in mind and manners she was still very much of a child. As they quitted the window, the room door opened, and a tall, slender, well-dressed strippling entered. It was the eldest son, Charles Raynor. He also had the well-formed features of the Raynor family, dark eyes and dark chestnut hair; altogether a very nice-looking young man.

"Why, Charley, I thought you were out!"

"I have been lying down under the tree at the back, finishing my book," said Charley. "And now I am going into Bath to change it."

It was the greatest pity—at least most sensible people would have deemed it so—to see a fine, capable young fellow wasting the best days of his existence. This, the period of his dawning manhood, was the time when he ought to have been at work, preparing to run his career in this working world. Instead of that, he was passing it in absolute idleness. Well for him that he had no vice in his nature: or the old proverb, about idle hands and Satan and mischief, might have been exemplified in him. All the reproach that could at present be cast on him was, that he was utterly useless, thoroughly idle: and perhaps he was not to blame for it, as nothing had been given him to do.

Charles Raynor was brought up to no profession, or business. Various callings had been talked of now and again in a desultory manner; but Major and Mrs. Raynor, in their easy-going negligence, had brought nothing to pass. As the heir to Eagles' Nest, they deemed he would not require to exercise his talents on the score of means: Charles himself decidedly deemed so. Gratuitous commissions in the army did not seem to be coming Major Raynor's way; he had not the means to purchase one: and, truth to tell, Charles's inclinations did not tend to fighting. The same drawback, want of money, applied to other possibilities: and so, Charles had been allowed to remain unprofitably at home, doing nothing; very much to his own satisfaction. If obliged to choose some profession for himself, he would have fixed on the Bar: but, first of all, he wanted to go to one of the two universities. Everything was to be done, in every way, when Eagles' Nest dropped in: *that* would be the panacea for all present ills. Meanwhile, Major Raynor was content to let the time slip easily away unheeded, until that desirable consummation should arrive, and to allow his son to let it slip away easily too.

"Charley, I wish you'd bring me back a Madeira cake, if you are going into Bath."

"All right, mamma."

"And, Charley," added the Major, "just call in at Steer's and get those seeds for the garden."

"Very well," said Charley. "Will they let me have the things without the money?"

"Oh yes. They'll put them down."

Charley gave a brush to his coat in the little hall, put on his hat, and started, book in hand. As he was passing the children, they plied him with questions: where he was going, and what to do.

"To the library to change my book."

"Oh, I'll go too!" cried Alfred, jumping to his feet. "Let me go with you, Charley?"

"I don't mind," said Charley. "You'll carry the book. How precious hot it is! Take care you don't get a sunstroke, Alice."

Alice hastily pulled her old straw hat over her forehead, and went on with her work at the cowslips. "Charley, do you think you could bring me back a crochet-needle?" she asked. "I'll give you the old one for the size."

"Hand it over," said Charley. "I shall have to bring back all Bath if I get many more orders. I say, youngster, you don't think, I hope, that you are going with me in that trim?"

Alfred looked down at his blouse, and at the rent in the hem of his trousers.

"What shall I put on, Charley? My Sunday clothes? I won't be a minute."

The boy ran into the house, and Charles strolled leisurely to the little gate. He reached it just in time to meet some one who was entering. One moment's pause to gaze at each other, and then their hands were clasped.

"Frank!"

"Charley!"

"How surprised I am! Come in. You are about the last fellow I should have expected to see."

Frank laughed gaily. He enjoyed taking them by surprise in this way; enjoyed the gladness shining from their eyes at sight of him, the hearty welcome.

"I daresay I am. How are you all, Charley? There are the young ones, I see! Is that Alice? She *has* grown!"

Alice came bounding to meet him, dropping the yellow blossoms from her apron. They had not seen him since the previous Christmas twelvemonth, when he had spent a week at Spring Lawn. Little Robert did not know him, and stood back, shyly staring.

"And is this my dear little Bob?" cried Frank, catching him up and kissing him. "Why, he has grown into a man! Does he remember brother Frank? And—why, there's mamma!—and papa! come along."

The child still in his arms, he went on to meet Major and Mrs. Raynor, who were hastening forth with outstretched hands of greeting.

"This sight is better than gold!" cried the Major. How are you, my dear boy?"

"We thought we were never to see you again," put in Mrs. Raynor. "How good of you to come!"

"I am come to take just a peep at you all. It seems ages since I was here."

"Are you come for a month?"

"A month!" laughed Frank. "For two days."

"Oh! Nonsense!"

And so the bustle and the greetings continued. Major Raynor poured him out a glass of wine, though Frank protested it was too hot for wine, especially after his walk from Bath. Mrs. Raynor went to see her cook about sending in something substantial with the tea. Charles put off his walk, and the young ones seduced Frank to the grass plat to help with the cowslip balls.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

FLOWERS AS DISINFECTANTS.

Lovers of the beautiful, as manifested in the flower kingdom, will be happy at hearing that flowers, instead of being unhealthy in rooms, are, on the contrary, disinfectants in disease. Professor Mantegazza has discovered that ozone is developed by certain odorous flowers. A writer in our clever contemporary, *Nature*, states that most of the strong-smelling vegetable essences, such as mint, clover, lavender, lemon and cherry-laurel develop a very large quantity of ozone when in contact with atmospheric oxygen in light. Flowers destitute of perfume do not develop it, and generally the amount of ozone seems to be in proportion to the strength of the perfume emanated. Professor Mantegazza recommends that in marshy districts, and in places infested with noxious exhalations, strong-smelling flowers should be planted around the house, in order that the ozone emitted from them may exert its popular oxydizing influence. So pleasant a plan for making a malarious district salubrious only requires to be known to be put in practice.

LITTLE SEEDS AND GREAT HARVESTS.—There is a way of doing good in the world, on a small scale, that is scarcely appreciated. A man who educates one child faithfully may effect a greater work of benevolence than one who has won the name of a philanthropist. The love concentrated on a family may produce richer fruits than that which embraces the world. Its action is more intense and invisible, but its results may go abroad and leaven the whole mass of a community.

YOU may find your best friend or your worst enemy in yourself.

FARM AND GARDEN.

CHEMISTRY OF THE FATTENING PROCESS.—A lean cow or ox is in a very different condition, chemically considered, from fat animals of the same kind. In the first place the poor animal consists of about two-thirds water, the fat one of only half, that is, in total weight. A fat animal is in a dry condition, a poor animal is like some of our bog meadows, very wet. When the fattening process begins, water commences to disappear, and fat or suet takes its place; and the increase in bulk during the process is largely of adipose matter. It is a curious circumstance that, during fattening, the proteids, or nitrogenous compounds, increase only about seven per cent., and the bone material, or inorganic substance, only one and a half per cent. The cost to a farmer of fattening an ox is much greater at the close of the process than at the commencement; that is, increase in bulk or dry weight at that period is much more costly. If it costs three cents a pound for bulk for the first month after a poor animal is put in the fattening stall, it will cost five cents the last month. If, then, a farmer consults his money interests, he will not carry the increase in fat beyond a certain point, provided he can turn his partially fatted animals to fair advantage. Farmers have, perhaps, learned this fact from experience and observation, and hence comparatively lean beef abounds in our markets. While this is of advantage to the farmer, it is very disadvantageous to consumers of the beef, for the flesh of a fat animal in every case is much richer in fixed, nourishing material than that of the lean, and it is never good economy to purchase lean beef. It is better to purchase the poorest parts of a fat animal than the best of a lean one. The best piece of a fat ox (the loin), contains from twenty-one to twenty-eight per cent. more fixed material than the corresponding piece in a lean one, and curiously enough the worst piece in the lean animal (the neck), is the richest in nourishing material. The flesh of the neck improves very little in fattening, hence, economy considered, it is the best portion to purchase, as its value is in a measure a fixed one. Horse flesh is as nutritious, considered as a food, as that of the ox or cow. The relation of nitrogenous to fixed material is rather higher in a horse than in an ox, and the amount of water is less. There is no good reason why horse flesh should not be used as food. It is prejudice alone which prevents its employment. It is a regular article of sale in the meat markets of Paris at the present time.

HOW TO DRIVE A FAST HORSE.—People talk about a steady, bracing pull; but in my opinion, that is not the way to drive a trotter. There's a great difference between letting go of your horse's head, and keeping up one dull, deadening pull all the time. The pull should be sufficient to feel the mouth, and give some support and assistance, so as to give the horse confidence to get up his stride. More than that, is mischievious. To keep the mouth alive, the bit must be moved occasionally. But this cannot be done by a pull of the hand on the rein. A mere half turn of the wrist, or less than half a turn, by which the thumb is elevated and the little finger lowered, is sufficient to shift the bit, keep the mouth sensitive, and rouse the horse. The reins are to be steadily held by both hands, while this play with the wrist is made; and it is, of course, only to be done with one wrist at a time. The hands should be well down; the driver ought not to sit all of a heap, with his head forward; neither should he lean back with his bodily weight on the reins, which in that case are made a sort of stay for him. He should be upright, and what pulling he has to do should be done by muscular force of the arms. The driver who depends upon the arms has command of a horse, while he who substitutes bodily weight with the reins wrapped around his hands, has not half the command of the horse, or of himself, either, and if the horse is a puller, he will soon take command of the driver. The reason of it is that there is no intermission of the exertion, no let up either for the man or horse. Besides, in that way of driving, it is impossible to refresh or stimulate the horse so much. When a horse has been taught the significance of the movement of the bit, the shift by the turn of the wrist, he will never fail to answer it, though he should be at the top of his speed. The moment he feels the bit in his sensitive mouth he will collect himself, and make another spurt, and the value of this way of driving is, the horse is not likely to break down when called upon, while a high-strung, generous horse if called upon for a final effort with the whip, is as likely to break down the moment it falls on him, as not. I have won many a close heat by practicing this movement, and therefore I have no hesitation in recommending it. It is not difficult to acquire, and the horse soon comes to know what it means.—*Hiram Woodruff.*

MARY'S AMENDMENT.

When Mary Fay was eight years old, she was called very passionate and bad-tempered. She had two little twin sisters four years old, Rose and Effie. They were gay little girls, with dancing feet, and tossing curls, and merry, winsome ways. Everybody found them very charming and lovable but Mary; she was always complaining how much trouble they were. Very often she would be required to take care of them, for her mother kept but one servant, and the children were so active that they needed to be looked after nearly all the time, to see that they did not get into mischief or danger. If Mrs. Fay said, "Mary, dear, will you bring your book into the nursery, and take care of the children, while I go down into the kitchen to make a pie?" Mary would scowl, and exclaim, "Oh, dear! I don't see why they cannot take care of themselves."

"I cannot leave them alone, Mary; I am afraid they will get into mischief, and if you do not obey me and go up-stairs immediately, I shall punish you."

Then Mary would fling down her book and run up-stairs, and be so cross to the children that in a little while they would both be crying.

If they touched her books or doll, she would fly into a passion, and run complaining to her mamma. She said they teased her life out.

But one summer day both these little sisters of Mary fell sick with a contagious fever. The doctor came, and the house was hushed, and the father and mother bent over the sick bed day and night. While the little children were ill, Mary took the fever and fell sick also, and knew nothing but feverish dreams for a fortnight. While she lay unconscious, poor little Rose died. The next day Effie died; and in a few days they were both buried in one grave.

When Mary became conscious, and saw her mother's face bending over her, it was so thin and white that she hardly knew it.

"Oh, mamma!" said she.

"My dear Mary," said her mother, "you have been very ill. Lie still, you must not talk."

Mary was very weak; so she lay silent, and looked at the darkened windows, and at the table covered with medicine-phials, and at her mother lying on a sofa beside the bed. Every little while she would get up to give her medicine or gruel; and Mary slept, or lay awake, weak, but painless and comfortable. The next morning the doctor came and pronounced her out of danger. Mrs. Fay dropped her face down in the pillow beside Mary's, and cried for joy that one child was to be spared to her.

When Mary got about the house again, there were no little sisters to trouble her. She was the only child in the house. Her uncle came and took her out to ride, and was very tender to her. It took her a long time to become as strong as she had been, and her mother took the most anxious care of her. She brought her little bed into her room, and dressed her herself every morning. She took her to walk every day; and every night, when her father came home, he brought her a little gift of a book, or a pretty garment, or toy. At the table the daintiest dishes were prepared expressly for her. She wished for nothing that was not given her, if it were possible to get it; and before the summer had passed she was rosy and strong again, and now she was always happy and good-natured.

"Mamma," said she, one day, "how cross I used to be. Do you remember?"

"Yes, Mary, I am afraid you were," answered her mother.

"If little Effie and Rose were only back, I don't think that I should ever get angry at them again," said Mary, regretfully.

"We will hope not, Mary."

"Mamma," after a little while.

"What, dear?"

"Do you think I'm a better girl than I used to be?"

"You seem to have changed very much, my child."

Mary went on hemming her doll's silk wrapper with a great deal of satisfaction. She felt perfectly happy. She had not an unpleasant thought, and felt kindly towards everybody. It had been so long since she had been in a passion, that she could hardly remember it.

"Yes, I am a great deal better than I used to be," thought Mary.

It was only a few days later that Mary had another little sister—a tiny, helpless mite, with little pink hands always clenched tight, and bright specks of eyes, and a pitiful, wailing voice. It shivered, and nestled, and struggled in a small way, lying in a nest of blankets in its nurse's lap, when Mary went in to see it; and Mary heard the doctor say that he was afraid it wouldn't live. Her mother was very ill—so ill, that when she had smiled on Mary, and spoken to her in a faint voice, the nurse told her she must go down stairs; and she went down, sitting in her father's lap all the long, lonely evening, and feeling very sad and strange.

Her bed had been moved into a chamber by itself, and the next morning her mother was not there to dress her. Mary was full nine years old, and could have dressed herself, but she wanted somebody to come and dress her. So she slipped on her stockings, and ran to the head of the stairs, and called Ellen, the domestic.

"Ellen! Ellen! Come and dress me!"

A door below opened, and Ellen came running up stairs on tiptoe.

"Hush! hush, Miss Mary," said she. "You must not make such a noise."

"I can't dress you," replied Ellen; "I must stay in the kitchen; I am making something for your mamma. You will have to dress yourself this morning, Miss."

"I shan't do any such thing," said Mary. "Just stay here and dress me, Ellen."

But Ellen ran down stairs again, as fast as she could, and Mary stood alone on the landing, for a moment, the red, angry blood of her heart surging up in her face, and making it crimson. Then she turned and went into her chamber, slamming the door. The window had been pushed up, but not fastened, and the jar of the slamming door made it fall. It came down with a terrible smash, shivering the glass into a thousand atoms. The noise seemed to jar the whole house. Mary was terribly frightened. The next moment her father and Ellen came into the room.

"Mary!" exclaimed her father, "what has happened?"

"I shut the door and the window fell down," answered Mary, hanging her head.

"Heaven forgive the child, but she's given her mother her death!" said Ellen.

Her father looked very pale and grave, and Mary began to cry. Her father and Ellen went down stairs again, and Mary stood alone there, listening to the sounds about the house, her heart full of dread. She heard voices in her mother's chamber underneath, and hurried steps passing to and fro in the halls, and at last the doctor's creaking boots coming up the stairs. She might have stood there an hour full of dreadful remorse and fear. No one minded her.

At last she slipped on her clothes and went softly down stairs. She listened at her mother's door a moment; but all was still there. Then she went into the breakfast-room. Her father had drunk some coffee, but his plate was quite unsoiled. At last Ellen came into the room.

"Your mamma is worse, Miss," said she. "You had better keep as quiet as you can."

Oh, the wretched week that passed! Mary was not allowed in the sick chamber, but she knew that her mother was very ill, and there was great danger that she would not live. Her father hardly noticed her. Every night he watched in her mother's room, and he grew very pale and wretched-looking. At last, one morning the doctor came into the breakfast-room. Mr. Fay sprang up from the table.

"How is she doctor?" he asked quickly.

"Oh, she is mending. She will get up now, slowly, with good care. Good morning."

When the doctor had gone, Mr. Fay stood still a moment in the centre of the room. Mary wondered what made him tremble so. Suddenly he put his hands over his face, and Mary saw the great tears come trickling through his fingers. She ran and flung her arms around him.

"Oh, papa!" she cried, "can you forgive me? Oh, I have been wicked; but I have been so wretched! *Won't* you forgive me?"

He stooped down and kissed her.

"Poor child!" he said, "you have been very near becoming motherless. Let this help you to control your temper and amend your faults."

But it was many days before Mrs. Fay could talk to her little daughter, and understand that Mary was working hard to be really a better girl. It was no seeming improvement; it was a real one; and the long months that she waited on her mother and little sister, cheerful, patient and untiring, proved that Mary had at last made an amendment.

JUSTICE TO STOVES.

This is the season when the rural householder brings forth the stove from its six months' imprisonment, and with fear and trembling undertakes the dangerous task of putting it up. Few fatal stove casualties have as yet been reported, but the sudden and enormous increase in the demand for arnica and divorces which is shown by the records of rural druggists and rural courts, is a sad proof of the danger which menaces the man who grapples with a large and violent stove.

There is a melancholy sameness in the manner in which the stove displays its unwillingness to be handled by man. Like the scorpion, which argues with its tail, the stove uses its articulated pipe as its instrument of attack and defense. So long as the householder confines himself to carrying the stove from place to place, it rarely attacks him; but no sooner does he meddle with its pipe than its fury is aroused. His first effort is to connect the lower joints of the pipe with one another, and here is he met by a determined obstinacy which is worthy of an independent and self-poised pig, or even of an experienced army mule. The joints refuse to come together, and bend all their energy towards gratifying a fiendish thirst for human fingers. Sometimes, after a long struggle, the wrong joints are forced together, and when the householder discovers his mistake, they refuse to be separated except at the price of more blood and additional scraps of cuticle. Nothing but cool bravery and determined perseverance will succeed in properly joining the three lower joints of a stove-pipe, and when this victory has been won, the worse of the battle is yet to come. It is not until the householder has mounted on a step-ladder and undertakes to place the upper "elbow" on the pipe and to insert it in the chimney that the strength, activity, and malignity of the stove-pipe is fully displayed. Its favorite feat is to release itself suddenly from the hands of its antagonist, strike his foot with its whole weight and its sharpest edge, and then to roll on the floor in evident convulsions of joy. Occasionally the upper "elbow" makes a vicious plunge for the householder's head, and instances are on record in which it has evidently torn his nose from its foundations, or driven its fangs deep into his skull. Efforts to subdue it with clubs or hammers are seldom effective. Usually, the more the pipe is pounded the more unruly it become, and the more resolutely it refuses to enter the chimney-hole or to adhere to the stove.

Startling as the assertion may seem, it is by no means certain that these terrible conflicts are necessary or that mankind cannot live on peaceable terms with stoves and stove-pipes. It is an assumption, which is unsustained by satisfactory evidence, that the stove is necessarily untamable. Buffon, it is true, asserted that "the stove possesses a fierce and indomitable nature, which cannot be tamed," and most subsequent naturalists have been content to adopt his opinion. Mr. Huxley, however, who, as an animal expert, is certainly at the head of his profession, disputes Buffon's assertion, and argues that inasmuch as the law recognizes the right of property in stoves, it therefore implies that they are not *ferce naturæ*, and can therefore be tamed. He has never actually tamed a stove himself, for theory and not practice is his specialty, but his opinion is certainly entitled to respect, and is sufficient to show that the scientific world is not unanimous as to the untamable nature of the stove.

There is good reason to believe that, were the stove treated kindly and intelligently, it would become as harmless as the grate or the furnace. Professional stove fanciers who deal in stoves never have any difficulty with them, and can always put up a stove without exciting it to the slightest demonstration of hostility. The average householder is probably to a very great extent responsible for the violence and bad temper of which he accuses his stove. He keeps it during the summer in close confinement where it mentally rusts and naturally grows morose. He does not make himself familiar with it and accustom it to be handled, but relies wholly upon his brute strength to keep it in subjection. Moreover, it must not be forgotten that when he mounts the step-ladder for the decisive struggle, he is almost invariably hot and excited. The presence of his wife, who stands near the foot of the ladder, expressing those wild and impracticable views as to the uses of the hammer, which are so characteristic of her sex and so well adapted to madden the other, has also its share in increasing his nervousness and in rendering him unfit to deal with his difficult task. In these circumstances he is apt to resort to harsh and violent treatment when it is not needed, and he ought not to wonder if he thereby excites the fear and resentment of which he subsequently complains. The mere fact that when a man is standing on a step-ladder with a stove-pipe in his arms he betrays a readiness to undervalue his wife's intellect, and to accuse her of "everlasting chattering," speaks volumes as to his state of mind. The dinners that follow the season of putting up stoves are proofs, not of the wildness of the stoves, but of the irritability of husbands, and it may be safely asserted that an irritable man is unfit to deal with stoves or with any domestic animals.

Let us, then, instead of persistently treating the stove as though it were the inveterate enemy of the race, try the effect of kindness and gentleness. Weeks before the stove is to be put up, the pipe should be brought out and accustomed to the presence of the family. Its joints should be allowed to lie on the rug, or under the table, and from time to time they should be gently brought in contact, so as to accustom them to their approaching duty. When the hour for putting up the stove arrives, the householder should send his wife out of town, and after engaging a large Irishman with a club to remain within call in case of any extreme violence on the part of the stove, he should proceed to put it up alone. Possibly, this course of treatment might fail of securing the desired end, but at all events it is worth trying. The assumption that intelligent men cannot live in peace with stoves is simply disgraceful, and all humane persons should be anxious to prove its falsity without delay. —*N. Y. Daily Times.*

THE MANUFACTURE OF STAINED GLASS IN ENGLAND.

In an article on *Iron*, in the Industries of Birmingham, we find the following:

When a stained glass window is required the first thing to be done is to forward to the maker an accurate plan of the shape and size of the window and the subject which it is desired to represent. A design in colors is then made and submitted for approval. When this has been done a copy is drawn of the full size of the window. This drawing is made necessary, as each piece of glass has to be fastened in leads, and the work is, of course, mosaic, all the effects of color being produced by the glass itself, and those of distance, drapery and so on, by the painting. All the drawings are colored by Mr. John Powell, who performs this most important and artistic part of the work himself.

The working drawing finished, we turn next to the glass. It is produced in small muffs, and is of irregular thickness, which produces tints of a deeper and lighter shade. The muffs are opened and the glass flattened, still preserving the irregularity of texture. In all colors, with the exception of ruby—which is "flashed"—the glass is what is termed "pot metal," and is of one color throughout. It is then cut into the required size of patterns by diamonds, the edges being trimmed with pincers.

The pieces of glass are then laid on the cartoon, or drawing, and the skillful workman proceeds to paint them. This is done by lines, and in such a manner as to produce the effects of light and shade. There is no enameling of any kind. The lines laid on by the painter only produce the effects of light and shade, of distance, the folds of the drapery on the figures, and so on, but all the tints from the brightest crimson to the deepest red, from the brightest blue to the darkest of blue tints, are in the glass itself, and are not laid on at all. White glass is stained yellow by using chloride of silver, and the most exquisitely beautiful work is thus produced, embodying the nicest gradations, passing from deep brown to the pale yellow, delicate in execution, artistic in design, harmonious in color and lovely and delightful to the eye. The material used in general painting is oxide of iron and flux.

When painted the glass has to be burnt. The pieces are laid on iron plates, lightly covered with sand. The sand is merely to prevent the glass from setting on the plates. The plates are then placed in rows, one above another, in a cast iron muffle. This muffle is closed by an iron door, and heated air passed round the muffle. By this heat the glass is softened, the flux used in painting is liquefied, and thus attaches itself to the glass. It takes from five to six hours to heat, and from twelve to fifteen to cool the glass afterward. The cooling is done gradually, and when finished the painting is as hard as the glass itself. Sometimes the glass has to be burnt twice or thrice in the process of making.

The next operation is called "leading up." This is very important. The cartoon is fixed on a bench or board, and a straight edge of wood is placed on the side nearest the workman. Against this is laid a straight piece of lead, in which is a groove for the glass to be fixed in. All the pieces of glass, no matter how numerous, no matter what their shape or form, are fixed into pieces of lead thus grooved. The lead is bent round the pieces of glass, and is then cut off, and each of these joints is afterwards soldered. The pieces of glass, during operation, when placed in the lead, are kept in their proper position in the window by the means of iron pins. Windows are thus made in lengths for the convenience of packing. The lead "cames" used for fixing the glass are cast on the premises.

After "leading up," the pieces in the window have to be fastened at the joints by soldering. For this purpose it is placed on a table, and soldered in the ordinary manner at each joint; it is then turned over, and is soldered on the other side.

Another operation has yet to be performed. We mentioned above that in order to produce different shades in the coloring of the glass it was made of irregular thickness. In consequence of this difference in its thickness some parts of the glass do not fill up the grooves of the lead in which it is fixed, and others make it budge a little. If left thus the window would let in the rain, or rattle in a wind. To make it safe and sound a cement composed of red lead and whiting—in fact, putty in nearly a liquid state—is spread over the whole surface with a brush. By a peculiar motion of the workman's hand this is forced into all the interstices, and the rest rubbed off. This is done, of course, on both sides of the window, and this in a little time becomes so hard that it is easier to break the glass than to take the window to pieces. When this is done, the window is finished and ready to be sent to its destination.

In looking at such a window, we at once see why it is that the lines of lead in no way interfere with its beauty. At the proper distance these are not seen at all, and the subject represented is altogether complete and unbroken. Nay, their presence adds to the beauty of the whole, instead of detracting from it. If it were not for these dark lines of intersection, the varied bright tints of the glass coming so closely together would appear blurred and indistinct at the lines of junction, but as it is they blend gradually and harmoniously together.

To die for truth is not to die for one's country, but to die for the world. Truth, like the ancient statue of Venus, will pass down into many fragments to posterity; but posterity will collect and recompose them into a goddess.

HERE AND THERE.

WHY does the new moon remind one of a giddy girl?—Because she's too young to show much reflection.

NOTHING so much destroys our peace of mind as to hear another express an intention to give us a piece of his.

A LITTLE boy had been sent to dry a towel before the nursery fireplace. "Mamma, is it done when it is brown?"

WHY do the recriminations of married couples resemble the sound of waves on the shore?—Because they are recriminations of the *tied*.

THE most laconic will on record is that of a man who died in 1769. It runs thus: "I have nothing; I owe a great deal—the rest I give to the poor."

"I AM glad that I am once more on terra cotta," said a masculine Mrs. Partington as she stepped off from a Cunarder at East Boston dock.

"SALLY, what have you done with the cream? These children cannot eat skim-milk for breakfast." "Sure, ma'am, it isn't meself that would be aither giving the scum to you. I tuk that and gave it to the cats.

THE editor of the New Orleans *Bulletin* says he now thinks it is unsafe to leave blotting paper around the office. His wife found this on a piece:

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MEN ONE WOULD RATHER NOT MEET.—Men who tell stories that run into another, so that you find it very difficult to get away at the end of any of them. Men who have quarrelled with all their relations. Men who "have been betrayed and abandoned in the most heartless manner by all their friends."

THE New Orleans *Picayune*, in trying its hand at description, says: "The modern city school girl goes along with a big bustle, striped hose, hump-backed, carrying thirty-one different books, three slates, four copy-books, bottle of ink, pocket full of pencils and pens, $7 worth of pinchback jewelry, a mouthful of chewing gum and thirteen red streamers dangling after her."

AN INDUSTRIOUS HUSBAND.—"Arrah, Jimmy, why did I marry ye? just tell me that! for it's myself that's had to maintain ye, ever since the blessed day that Father O'Flanagan sent me home to ye're house." "Swate Jewel," replied Jimmy, not relishing the charge, "and it's myself that hopes I may live to see the day when ye're a widow, weeping over the cold sod that covers me—then I'll see how you'll get along without me, honey!"

"I BEG your pardon, madam. I turned my head suddenly and did not see your baby-carriage. You really must excuse me. I hope the poor thing is not hurt." He had kicked over a baby wagon, and its supposed precious contents rolled out on the pavement, right on Main Street. Before the woman had time to reply the man picked up the——bundle of soiled clothing tied up in a sheet, and discovered his mistake just in time to hear the woman say: "Here, put them clothes in my buggy; I don't want any foolin' here before everybody." The sympathetic individual dematerialized himself around the corner and the circle was suddenly broken.—*Rochester Union.*

A NEW prison-chaplain was recently appointed in a certain town. He was a man who greatly magnified his office, and, entering one of the cells on his first round of inspection, he with much pomposity thus addressed the prisoner who occupied it—"Well, sir, do you know who I am?" "No; nor I dinna care," was the nonchalant reply. "Well, I'm your new chaplain." "Oh, ye are? Weel, I hae heard o' ye before." "And what did you hear?" returned the chaplain, his curiosity getting the better of his dignity. "Weel, I heard that the last twa kirks ye were in ye preached them baith empty; but I'll be hanged if ye find it such an easy matter to do the same wi' this ane!"

AN old lady at Exposition last week was in as much trouble as her immortal prototype in the nursery tale, who exclaimed:

"If this is I, and I ain't sure it be,
I've got a little dog at home, and he'll know me."

She was found wandering about the grounds just as the gates were closing, had missed her companions, and knew neither the street nor the number where her party were stopping in Philadelphia. A policeman took her to a telegraph office, where her name and residence in Indiana were obtained, and a message was despatched to her son in Indiana, asking if he could tell his mother where she was staying in Philadelphia. A satisfactory answer was soon obtained, and the old lady was restored to her frantic friends.

AN archbishop is no match for a woman. At a grand marriage which recently took place in Paris, Faure and Madame Carvalho had agreed to sing in the church, but the *cure*, upon applying to the Archbishop for the necessary permission, was informed that on no account would the great *prima donna* be allowed to sing in a sacred edifice. This was a sad blow, but the bride's "mamma," whom it annoyed, was equal to the emergency. She prevailed on Madame Carvalho to hide herself behind the organ, and then put a lad with a missal in his hand to stand up in the choir and pretend to sing while the *prima donna* poured forth her enchanting notes. The chorister boy had an immense success, but they had to send him away the next day, so many churches contended for his ownership.

BELOW will be found some of the oddities in advertising:

"Two young women want washing."

"Teeth extracted with great pains."

"Babies taken and finished in ten minutes by a country photographer."

"Wood and coal split."

The next appeared in a London newspaper under the head of "For Sale:"

"Pianoforte—cottage—seven octaves—the property of a lady leaving England in a remarkably elegant case on beautifully carved supports."

And what does this mean?

"Business chance.—To be disposed of—genuine fried fish business at the West End."

Does the genuine apply to the fish, the business, or to the way in which they are fried?

And one's mind gets hopelessly dazed over the advertisement offering a large reward for "A large Spanish blue gentleman's cloak lost in the neighborhood of the market."

There are others deliciously inconsequent, like the advertisement of a runaway, which furnished this valuable hint for identification:

"Age is not precisely known, but looks older than he is."

Or the notice a shoemaker put on his door:

"Shall be back in ten days from the time you see this shingle."

Some, however, leave no loop-hole for doubt:

"Babies after having taken one bottle of my soothing syrup will never cry any more."

And an editor, puffing air-tight coffins, said:

"No person having once tried one of these air-tight coffins will ever use any other."

To Worry the Liver

And injure the system generally, take blue pills and calomel. To regulate it, and endow the entire system with healthful vigor, use Hostetter's Stomach Bitters. Bilious invalids, which of these two recipes will you adopt? We doubt not, the latter. By so doing, you will avoid the disastrous consequences which the persistent or frequent use of mercury entails, and effectuate the desired reform in the action of the biliary gland without danger, as well as speedily and thoroughly. The Bitters invariably remedy yellowness of the complexion and whites of the eyes, pains in the right side and under the right shoulder-blade, furred tongue, high colored urine, nausea, vertigo, dyspepsia, constipation, heaviness of the head, mental despondency, and every other manifestation or accompaniment of a disordered condition of the liver. The stomach, bowels and kidneys also experience their regulating and tonic influence.

Almost every city has its regular and standard "favorite" hotel. Boston has its "American," one of the largest, best, and most comfortable of hotels. The American is the great resort for business men and travelers. Its location is most convenient, and its accommodations are unsurpassed.

SCHENCK'S MANDRAKE PILLS.

In all Bilious Disorders these Pills may be used with confidence, as they promote the discharge of vitiated bile, and remove those obstructions from the liver and biliary ducts which are the cause of bilious affections in general.

These Pills expel Ascarides, or Seat-worms, which are so troublesome to many persons, producing Piles, Fistula, Dysentary and other painful disorders.

DR. RADWAY'S
Sarsaparillian Resolvent,
THE GREAT BLOOD PURIFIER.

FOR THE CURE OF ALL CHRONIC DISEASES, SCROFULA, ULCERS, CHRONIC RHEUMATISM, ERYSIPELAS, KIDNEY, BLADDER, AND LIVER COMPLAINTS. DYSPEPSIA, AFFECTIONS OF THE LUNGS AND THROAT, PURIFIES THE BLOOD, RESTORING HEALTH AND VIGOR; CLEAR SKIN AND BEAUTIFUL COMPLEXION SECURED TO ALL.
Sold by Druggists. Price $1 per bottle.

R. R. R.
RADWAY'S READY RELIEF,
THE CHEAPEST AND BEST MEDICINE FOR FAMILY USE IN THE WORLD.
ONE 50 CENT BOTTLE

WILL CURE MORE COMPLAINTS, AND PREVENT THE SYSTEM AGAINST SUDDEN ATTACKS OF EPIDEMICS AND CONTAGIOUS DISEASES, THAN ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS EXPENDED FOR OTHER MEDICINES OR MEDICAL ATTENDANCE.

THE MOMENT RADWAY'S READY RELIEF IS APPLIED EXTERNALLY—OR TAKEN INTERNALLY ACCORDING TO DIRECTIONS—PAIN, FROM WHATEVER CAUSE, CEASES TO EXIST.

In all cases where pain or discomfort is experienced, or if seized with Influenza, Diphtheria, Sore Throat, Bad Coughs, Hoarseness, Bilious Colic, Inflammation of the Bowels, Stomach Lungs, Liver, Kidneys, or with Croup, Quinsy, Fever and Ague, or with Neuralgia, Headache, Tic Doloreux, Toothache, Earache, or with Lumbago, Pain in the Back, or Rheumatism, or with Diarrhœa, Cholera Morbus, or Dysentery, or with Burns, Scalds, or Bruises, or with Sprains, Cramps, or Spasms, the application of RADWAY'S READY RELIEF will cure you of the worst of these complaints in a few hours.

FOR SALE BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

Dr. Radway's Regulating Pills
Perfectly tasteless, elegantly coated, for the cure of all disorders of the stomach, liver, bowels, kidneys, bladder, nervous diseases, headache, constipation, costiveness, indigestion, dyspepsia, biliousness, bilious fever, inflammation of the bowels, piles, and all derangements of the internal viscera. Warranted to effect a positive cure.

Price 25 cents per box. Sold by Druggists.

DR. RADWAY & CO.,
32 Warren Street, New York.

E. F. KUNKEL'S BITTER WINE of IRON has never been known to fail in the cure of weakness, attended with symptoms; indisposition to exertion; loss of memory; difficulty of breathing; general weakness; horror of disease; weak, nervous trembling; dreadful horror of death; night sweats; cold feet; weakness; dimness of vision; laugnor; universal lassitude of the muscular system; enormous appetite with dyspeptic symptoms; hot hands; flushing of the body; dryness of the skin; pallid countenance and eruptions on the face, purifying the blood; pain in the back; heaviness of the eyelids; frequent black spots flying before the eyes with temporary suffusion and loss of sight; want of attention, etc. These symptoms all arise from a weakness, and to remedy that use E. F. KUNKEL'S Bitter Wine of Iron. It never fails. Thousands are now enjoying health who have used it. Take only E. F. KUNKEL'S

Beware of counterfeits and base imitations. As Kunkel's Bitter Wine of Iron is so well known all over the country, druggists these wives make an imitation and try to palm it off on their customers, when they call for Kunkel's Bitter Wine of Iron.

Kunkel's Bitter Wine of Iron is put up only in $1 bottles, and has a yellow wrapper nicely put on the outside, with the proprietor's photograph on the wrapper of each bottle. Always look for the photograph on the outside, and you will always be sure to get the genuine. $1 per bottle, or six for $5. Sold by druggists and dealers everywhere.

All Worms Removed Alive.

E. F. KUNKEL'S Worm Syrup never fails to destroy Pin, Sea and Stomach Worms. Dr. Kunkel, the only successful Physician who removes Tape Worm in 2 hours, alive, with head, and no fee until removed. Common sense teaches if Tape worm be removed all other worms can be readily destroyed. Send for circular to Dr. Kunkel, No. 216 North 9th St., Philadelphia, Pa., or call on your druggist and ask for a bottle of Kunkel's Worm Syrup. Price, $1. It never fails.

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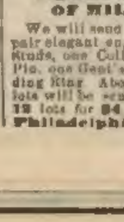

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THE FASHIONS.

Although in the midst of the "Indian Summer," the furriers are displaying in great variety their winter stock. Seal-skin, of course, takes the lead; but there are so many imitations and so many cheap goods that are made indeed from the seal fur, but of refuse bits and ends, miserably patched together, that one must be willing to pay a good price in order to procure a good article. The sacques are taken longer than heretofore, and many ladies who have had them for several seasons, are having a border put on of undyed seal-fur or else chinchilla, this last being the newest fancy. "Seal-skin turbans" have brown cock's plumes, instead of the cardinal tips, worn last winter. The long cloaks are lined with the entire skin of the squirrel now, instead of that part known as the "squirrel-lock," which covered the breast and stomach of the animal. Skelitonia is said to be the best waterproof for the outer part of these wraps since it wears better than gros-grain, or any brand of silk. Some fur Dolmas are shown, but these are clumsy, consequently not popular. In cloth cloaks the newest fancy is for almost tight-fitting sacques, Dolmans having become so commonly adopted as to lose their original charm. For full evening wear or receiving receptions, etc., the pale cream-colored Dolman is still very much in vogue. Bottle and myrtle green continue to be favorite tints for street suits. Cardinal is giving place somewhat to garnet and very dark blue. After all that has been said concerning the renewed

POPULARITY OF THE POLONAISE,

we do not see as much of it as would imagine and overskirts. The latter are very deep, almost concealing the underskirt. A pretty suit in three shades of gray, had the underskirt made with two flounces, the lower of dark iron-gray, the second of quite light tint, while the skirt itself was of a medium between the other two shades. The overskirt was very deep, and was made of the lightest shade, and had a diagonal arrangement of bias folds across the front of the darkest shade of gray, edged with a mixed fringe of the three tints. Sleeves and collar of the darkest shade of gray. Bows of alternately dark and light gray ribbon are placed on the sleeves at the cuffs, back of the collar and upon the lower edge of the basque skirt, both back and front. Hat suitable to accompany this costume was of gray felt, trimmed with plumes of two shades of gray, and a long scarf of gray silk with fringed ends.

A charming costume for the house is shown in navy blue cloth. The underskirt has three narrow flounces, bound with cardinal-colored silk cut bias. These flounces are headed by seven rows of silk and wool cardinal-colored braid, the braid being half an inch wide. The overdress is a polonaise, very long and full in the back widths. It is edged with seven rows of the cardinal braid, and has seven longitudinal folds of silk arranged in a plastron, down the centre of the back of the waist. Plaited collars of cardinal-colored silk; cuffs similarly arranged. The draping of this garment is entirely in the back, where it is drawn away in graceful folds towards the centre. At this point of the looping, a fan-shaped ornament of silk is placed. Plum color bordering on dark violet color, is very popular now in Paris, as it combines so well with the shades of cream and ivory, still fashionable. In these two shades we saw a most exquisite costume. The underskirt was *entrain*, and of plum-colored silk. Two gathered flounces cut bias, and about six inches each in depth, trimmed the front and side breadths. A box-plaited ruffle of ten inches in depth was added to those two gathered flounces on the back widths. The overskirt was of cream-colored *damasse* silk and wool, and had only a hem at the bottom. It was very long, and has a fold across the front, diagonally placed, and about fourteen inches wide—of the plum color. Wide loops of the same silk, loop cord intermingles with the drapery of the back. The cuirass basque is of the cream-colored *damasse*, and has a cording of plum-color at the bottom. Two fan plaitings of plum-colored silk are inserted in the side seams of the basque skirt at the back. Sleeves of plum color, with *damasse* cuffs; collar of plain colored silk. This was one of the most elegant *toilettes* we have seen.

ODDS AND ENDS.

The Parisian arrangement of the hair is to pile it up quite high upon the head at the back and have low drooping plaits or curls pendent from thence.

Dotted veils of pale blue and green are worn abroad.

Gloves of undressed kid with gauntlet cuffs of seal-skin are *en regle* for the cold season.

Chatelaine pockets suspended by straps of the material, or else by flat chains of oxydized metal are again worn.

Tall tapering crowns for promenade hats.

Bonnets have strings to tie under the chin.

What are known as Beret Caps, for small children, round in shape, somewhat on the order of the Glengarry cap, are shown, made of white felt or cashmere, and having striped borders with an aigrette in front, holding a heron's plume.

Cock's plumes are preferred to other feathers for trimming hats and bonnets.

Buckles in gilt and steel, jet and steel, etc., are worn in front of bonnets if the scarf which fills in the space above the forehead.

Thanks are due Messrs. Homer & Colladay for information received.

OUR WORK TABLE.

As the holiday season draws on, it may not be unacceptable to the majority of our readers to have suggestions given concerning the making of those little offerings appropriate to the festal time, and which afford so much pleasure to make and receive. We shall give, therefore, from time to time, hints as to the making up of these little mementoes until the time for giving them arrives. In this number we suggest a comb-box and mats and "catch-all" for the toilet-table. These articles are to be made of silver perforated board, worked in split zephyr and beads. For the comb-box it will save trouble to get a neat pasteboard box of the size you wish, a little longer than wide. Line it carefully with pale blue flannel, this being best for the combs and brush, preventing scratching of the surface, etc. Cut the perforated board in sizes to cover the sides of your box. Work a Grecian pattern in plum color and pale blue zephyr around the edges, dot with metal and milky white beads. Any pretty spray will do for centre pieces, so that the colors harmonize with the border. Bind the edges with narrow blue ribbon. Stitch together with blue silk over cast stitch, and finish each corner at the top with a little tassel of beads. Make a cushion top for the box, and cover with blue silk. Afterwards make a movable cover of lace or sheer muslin edged with lace, and put on, with the corners or pointed ends falling over the sides, not the corners of the box. For the "catch all" cut a triangular piece of the perforated board, line it with blue silk, and finish the overlapping side and top with a ruching or quilling of blue ribbon. Fold in the form of a cornucopia, and hang up by means of ribbons at the side of the mirror on the bureau. For the three mats cut octagonal pieces of cardboard, line with silk, bind with ribbon, and trim the edges with a narrow quilling of the same; work a border to correspond with your comb-box. We can furnish designs and material on application.

Answers to correspondents unavoidably crowded out. NIXON.

Not in unmanly characters does mildness charm, but in manly ones; as energy does, not in unwomanly ones, but in the womanly.

DREAMING.

BY CHARLES S. LARNED.

I knew I loved, only this,
I never told to prove the peace,
And yet I felt a happiness
Beyond—beyond the skies,
Beyond the trees,
Beyond, beyond to eestasies—
Ecstasies of only this:
I knew I loved to know a peace!
And on my couch I laid me thus;
When would I tell her, when?
And in my sleep I dreamt it true,
I dreamt she knew!

I knew I loved, only this!
I told my love the happiness;
She did not know so she said,
That I loved her enough to wed;
Did not know I loved, she said!
She had not thought it gone so far,
And could not love as I loved her;
I laid me on my couch to sleep,
And yet to only weep;
And visions came—came too fast,
Swept o'er me all the joyous past,
And yet I'll love her to the last!
Perhaps she'll love me, thou,
But when, O, when?

GIACOMO ANTONELLI, DEAN OF THE ORDER OF CARDINAL DEACONS.

This aged and eminent prelate, who has played a most important part in the pontificate of Pius IX, died at Rome, recently, having nearly reached the age of seventy years. He was born in Terracina, and displaying more than ordinary ability at an early age was transferred to Rome and thoroughly trained in the great seminary in that city. His abilities ran in the political as well as the ecclesiastical line, and he rose rapidly both as a statesman and priest. Attracting the special notice of Gregory XVI, he was selected to fill several important posts, the duties of which he transacted with marked ability and great devotion to the interests of the Church. He was raised to the dignity of Cardinal in 1847, and after that he became Minister of Finance for the Pope, and subsequently Prime Minister. At this time he was popular with the Liberal party in Italy, but owing to continued opposition both in Church and State, Antonelli gave way to Mauriani as Prime Minister, and for a time remained engaged simply in the discharge of his religious duties. After the assassination of Rossi, the successor of Muriani, Antonelli counseled the removal of the Pope to Gaeta. From this place he planned and negotiated the return of the Holy Father to Rome under French protection in 1850. Antonelli was now made Secretary of Foreign Affairs, and at once commenced his reactionary policy. This created great bitterness in the ranks of his opponents, and in 1855 an attempt upon his life was made, which, however, failed. Even among the officials of the Church there was a party that doubted and denounced the teachings and actions of Antonelli of a political and governmental character. But he was too strong for them, and in 1855 the head of the anti-Antonelli was made Curator *ad interim* of the University of Rome, and in 1858, by the death of Cardinal Ugolino, he became Dean of the Order of Cardinal Deacons. He was now at the very zenith of his spiritual and secular power. But he was opposed to the tide of innovation that set in upon Italy and too weak to beat back the waves. He protested against the withdrawal of the French troops in 1870; he contended earnestly against the invasion of the States of the Church by Victor Emmanuel, and gave reasons for deprecating other measures as calculated to fetter and restrict the power and usefulness of the Church. In 1871, the King of Italy made his formal entry into Rome as the supreme civil ruler of Italy. This ended the secular contest in which Cardinal Antonelli had been so long engaged, and his path henceforth was bounded in the most part by religious duties. He took an active part in the late Ecumenical Council, and indeed is reported to have been the father of that movement, as he was a leader in the controversy in relation to the dogma of Papal infallibity. The Cardinal was a learned and zealous churchman, and a statesman and diplomatist of a high order of ability. But he did not belong to the present age. He was the son of that age when men were ruled in a simple manner and from a narrow source of power. This fact circumscribed the area of his usefulness, but even those who differed with him will bear witness to the purity of his life and the honesty of his intentions.

THE FOUR LARGEST DIAMONDS IN THE WORLD.

1. The Orloff of Amsterdam; 193¼ carats; latest price, 450,000 rubles.

Cut in the old rolumboid shape. Forms the extremity of the Russian scepter. It came from the old mines of India, and is said to have once formed one of the eyes of the celebrated statues of Sherigan, in the temple of Brahma. At a later period it was found, with another large diamond, in the throne of the Shah Nadir of Persia. When he was murdered, it was taken by a French grenadier, who had taken service there, and who fled with it to Malabar, and sold it to a ship captain for 14,000 thalers, and he handed it over to a Jew for 84,000 thalers. The Jew sold it at a greatly advanced price to the Armenian merchant, Schafras, from whom the Empress Catharine II. obtained it in 1775, at Amsterdam, for 450,000 rubles, an annuity of 2,000 rubles, and a diploma of nobility.

2. The Rengent of Pitt; 136¾ carats; perfect diamond; value, 1,200,000 thalers.

Among the French crown jewels. It came from the mines Parteal, twenty miles from Mazulipitan (Golconda, East Indies), where it was found in 1702, by a slave, who in order to conceal it, wounded himself in the leg, and hid it under the bandage. He promised the stone to a sailor, if he would procure him his liberty. The sailor enticed him on board his ship, took the stone drowned the slave, sold the diamond to the Governor of Fort St. George (whose name was Pitt) for £1,000 sterling, squandered the money and hanged himself. It was purchased from Pitt in 1717, by the then Regent of France, the Duke of Orleans, for Louis XV., its price being 3,375,000 francs. It weighed at that time 410 carats, and was afterwards cut and polished in perfect diamond form, by which, however, it lost two-thirds of its size. This operation took almost two years, and cost 27,000 thalers. As much as 9,000 thalers were expended in diamond dust, and the pieces broken off still had a value of 48,000 thalers. In 1792 it was stolen, together with all the crown diamonds, at the plundering of the Tuilleries, and was lost sight of, until in an anonymous letter to the Minister of Police at Paris, the place of its concealment in the Champs Elysees, was accurately described. It was actually found there, together with the rest of the most valuable crown jewels. (Probably the thief had become convinced that it was dangerous for him to sell jewels of such value.) The Republic then pawned it to the merchant of Trescow, in Berlin. After its redemption it adorned the sword of Napoleon.

3. The Koh-i-nor—mountain of light; 106 1-16 carats; a flat, oval diamond; belongs to the Queen of England; value 800,000 thalers.

Its history is lost in the darkness of Indian tradition, and can be traced with certainty only since the beginning of the fourteenth century. It was for hundreds of years the crown jewel of the Rdschas of Malwa, and was rightfully regarded as a talisman of sovereignty, because it was always the booty of the strongest conqueror. In this manner, after it had repeatedly changed owners, in 1813 it came into the possession of the ruler of Lahore, where it was captured by the English in 1850, at the rebellion of the Sikh troops, and presented to Queen Victoria. It weighed at that time 186 1-16 carats, but it had been so awkwardly cut—several hundreds years before, by the Venetian lapidary, Hortensio Borgio—that it produced little effect. [Exhibited in London in 1851.] Queen Victoria had it newly cut by Herr Vorsanger, the most skillful workman in the celebrated diamond-cutting establishment of Herr Coster, at Amsterdam. The work was completed in 1852, in thirty-eight days.

4. Florentine or Tuscan; 139½ carats; value, 700,000 thalers; among the treasures of the Emperor of Austria; pure, but of a yellowish color; probably the largest of the diamonds lost by Charles the Bold in the battle of Granson, in 1479.

It was found by a Swiss, on the public road in a casket, in which there also lay a costly pearl. At first the man scornfully threw away the diamond, but then picked it up again, and sold it for a florin to a clergyman, and he sold for three francs to the Bernese. Here it was purchased fer 5,000 florins, by the wealthy merchant prince, Bartholomew May. Then a Genoese purchased it for a little more, and sold it for double the price to Ludovico Moro Sforza, the Regent of Milan. On the occasion of the dispersion of the treasures of Milan, Pope Julius II. procured it at auction for 20,000 ducats. It is now in the imperial treasury at Vienna.

SKETCH OF THE HISTORY OF THE LITTLE COUNTRY THAT IS FIGHTING TURKEY

Servia, which is bristling up with considerable importance in the pending Eastern troubles, is almost purely an agricultural country, and 90 per cent. of her population are engaged in that industry. It has an area of only 12,000 square miles, and yet it has a population about the same as the State of Iowa—Iowa has a population of 1,353,000, and Servia 1,858,000. Servia lies on the south side of the Danube where they have a strip of very fertile soil fully equal to Iowa's best. It adjoins Hungary on the north, lying between the last named country and Roumania and Bosnia. Servia is mostly mountainous and barren, and yet it has over 1,000 inhabitants to every square mile of its territory. The reader can form some idea of its density of population from the fact that ordinary towns in this country of 1,000 inhabitants occupy about one square mile. So that all Servia is as crowded as our towns, and yet they subsist on agriculture.

They are a hardy, healthy and brave people, and have stood the assaults of various enemies. At the treaty of Paris in 1856 Servia was placed under the protection of the great powers of Europe, but from some cause, in 1862, war was declared against them by Turkey, when the European powers decided that Turkey must evacuate their posts in Servia, and that peace and protection should continue to be guaranteed to them. Hence the interest that the European nations are now taking about the Eastern question.

Their language is *Serb* or Illyran. They are well prepared for war, having powder mills, cannon of the best quality and 40,000 stand of Peabody muskets. Their militia numbers about 150,000, and they can in 48 hours call into active service 70,000 men, being more than the United Colonies of America could in the Revolution, while they have not one hundredth part of frontier to protect, and not such immense marches to make to mass their forces upon any point. In great emergencies they could bring into service 200,000 men, so that it becomes Turkey to try the power of treaty before they trust the god of battles. It is said their cannon factory and musket armory are in active operation, and that they have all the modern conveniences and comforts of warfare in transports, ambulances and hospital stores. They have 350 field as well as an abundance of seige guns. They have a military school at Belgrade, and in addition their chief officers have been thoroughly drilled in the French, Austrian and Prussian schools and armies. So that Servia, with a territory a little larger than a large Iowa wheat-field, may make a noise in the field of Mars.

ORIGIN OF THE CHINESE QUEUE.

The history of the Chinese queues is told by the Rev. Julius Doolittle, a missionary in China, as follows; "The first Emperor of the present dynasty, who began to reign in 1641, having usurped the throne, determined to make the tonsure Manchuria, his native country, the token of submission of the Chinese to his authority. He ordered them to shave their heads excepting the crown, and allowing the hair on that part to grow long and to dress it according to the custom of Manchuria. The Chinese had been accustomed, under native Emperors, to wear long hair over the whole head, and to arrange it in a tuft or coil. The change was gradually, but finally prevailed through the Empire. At first those who shaved their heads and conformed to the laws received, it is said, a present of a teal of silver, after a while only half a teal, and then only a tenth of a teal, and afterward only an egg—finally even an egg was not allowed. The law requiring the people to shave their heads and braid their queues was not only rigidly enforced by the penalty of immediate death, but it became very manifest that those who did not conform to the wishes of the dominant dynasty would never become successful in a lawsuit against those who did conform, nor would they succeed in the literary examinations.

THE ALLIGATOR BUSINESS.

Between 17,000 and 20,000 alligator skins are tanned yearly, which are consumed by boot and shoe manufacturers in every portion of the United States, as well as exported to London and Hamburg. The alligators formerly came almost entirely from Louisiana, and New Orleans was the great centre of business. The Florida swamps and morasses are now the harvest fields, and Jacksonville, in that State, the great depot. The alligators often attain a length of eighteen to twenty feet, and frequently live to an old age. The hides are stripped off, and the belly and sides, the only portions fit for use, are packed in barrels, in strong brine and shipped to the northern tanner, who keeps them under treatment for from six to eight months, when they are ready to be cut up. So far the leather has been mainly used in the manufacture of boots and shoes, but handsome slippers are also made of it.

TRUTH is immortal; the sword cannot pierce it, fire cannot consume it, prisons cannot incarcerate it, famine cannot starve it.

GREEN FIELDS IN THE MOON.

When the moon is at the full, the unassisted eye readily distinguishes on her face certain dark gray spots more or less sharply separated from the brighter portions. Through the telescope these spots appear as broad, level spaces resembling terrestrial seas. Indeed, the earlier observers mistook them for seas, and by that name (Latin *mare*,) they are known to this day. They are not seas, however, but ancient sea-beds, now probably nearly, if not quite, destitute of water; vast arid basins like the Sahara, or the great interior basin of our own continent.

Examined more closely, these dried up sea-beds are seen to have a rolling surface like some of our Western prairies, or, to be traversed by numerous long ridges, resembling the wave-like sand-hills which give so marked and particular an appearance to the deserts of Western Australia, the leveler portions being dotted with low mounds interspersed with small crater pits. In many places formations of an apparently alluvial character abound, while the ancient coast lines show distinct traces of water action. Two of these lunar plains—Mare Humorum and Mare Chrisium—all walled in completely by lofty mountains, presenting stupendous precipices to the vanished sea. The larger *mares* are more like ocean beds. They run together as terrestrial oceans do, and sometimes merge into the brighter continental regions, without a distinct line of demarcation. In other places they show a rugged coast line, rising into cliffs and peaks, and pierced at times by valleys and ravines.

One of the most conspicuous of these lunar ocean beds, also one of the deepest, is known as the Mare Serenitatis. Its area is nearly 125,000 square miles. Within its dark gray border, from thirty to eighty miles wide, is an extensive inner plain which at times presents a fine, clear light green tint, with a central streak of pure white, the green area lying lower apparently than the gray exterior. The green tint is difficult to catch, except under favorable conditions, and is much weakened by the effect of numerous small white round spots and gray ridges.

Another of the moon's green plains was discovered by Madler in the Mare Humorum already mentioned. This is one of the smallest as well as most distinctly bordered of the dark gray plains. Its area is 50,000 square miles. The greater portion of its interior is distinctly tinged a dusky green, sometimes very marked, affording a strong contrast with the pure gray of the borders and high, inclosing ridges. On the west the green area extends nearly to the edge of the *mare*, but elsewhere, as in the Mare Serenitatis, it is separated from the border by a narrow, darker gray fringe, except on the northwest, where the gray and green areas merge insensibly into each other.

Still another area of green is observed in the Mare Chrisium, one of the most conspicuous of the moon's dark plains. It is completely inclosed, and is, perhaps, the deepest of the lunar *mares*. Its area is 78,000 square miles. Its general tint is a gray mixed with an unmistakable tinge of green, especially under high illumination. This verdant hue is seen to best advantage for several days before and after the moon is full.

These and other color changes on the face of the moon—as, for instance, the darkening of the great ring plain of Plato, with increasing light, and like changes in certain long, winding lunar valleys—led Beer and Madler to suggest that they would indicate vegetation, were vegetation possible on the surface of the moon. But having accepted Bessel's conclusion that there could be neither air nor water on the lunar surface, and consequently no life, those much respected selenographers could not entertain the hypothesis of lunar vegetation, however strong the evidence might seem.

But Bessel's opinion is inconsistent not only with the conditions on which he based his calculations, but also with the results of more recent studies of the state of the moon's surface. So far from being an airless, waterless, unalterable desert, a changeless mass of dead matter, like so much volcanic scoria the moon is now known to have an atmosphere of considerable volume and density, to present abundant evidence of physical activity and change, and to have, in all probability, water enough to make life easily possible on its surface. The moon is dying, but very far from dead. Being so much smaller than the earth, it has run its course more rapidly, but is still a good way off from that goal of ultimate deadness to which so many astronomers have theoretically assigned it. There is not the slightest adequate evidence of the popular view, and "its truth would be admitted by no astronomer who had devoted sufficient attention to selenography to enable him to thoroughly realize the probable present condition of the moon."

Such being the case, the hypothesis that the moon's green plains derive their color from vegetation seems to be impossible or absurd. The evidence is not of a character to justify a positive assertion that the mythical man in the moon may have abundant pasturage for his cattle; but his case ceases to be absolutely hopeless when a thoroughgoing selenographer can say, as Neilson does, that the moon may possess an atmosphere that must be regarded as fully capable of sustaining various forms of vegetation of even an advanced type; that it does not appear how it can justly be questioned that the lunar surface in favorable positions may yet retain a sufficiency of moisture to support vegetation of many kinds; and that in a very considerable portion of the entire surface of the moon, the temperature would not vary sufficiently to materially affect the existence of vegetable life.—*Scientific American.*

A HISTORY OF THE FAN.

A curious little volume has just appeared, giving the history of fans among all nations and at all periods. The author, M. Blondel, who has been able to examine many rare collections, states that it came from the East, where it is always accompanied by a flyflap and parasol. The former is made of a tail of Thibetan buffalo, white as snow, and of which the extremity is a tuft of hair, in the form of a plume. Fans of feathers, recently in fashion, date from the seventh century. They were first used in China, where the Emperor Kao Tysong, having heard the cry of the pheasant, supposed to be an auspicious sign, ordered a fan to be made shaped like the tail of that bird. According to the author of the "Etudes Asiatiques," that article had more than one singular use; on it the rich deposited the alms which they gave to the poor, the great received on it the delicacies offered to them; it was lowered before superiors as a mark of deference; the nobles carried it to court, and it served to cool them from the heat of the day, and to amuse them while waiting in the ante-chamber; it was the instrument of punishment of the schoolmaster, and at the same time was given as a reward. A fan placed on a plate of particular form announced to the criminal of a noble family his sentence, and it was at the moment he held out his hands to receive the fatal present that the executioner was to accomplish his work.

JOHN DRYDEN.

BY WILMER H. JOHNSON.

Dryden has been assigned the first place in the second rank of English poets—no mean station in a table of intellectual precedency so rich in illustrious names. His life was commensurate with a period during which a great revolution in the public taste was effected, and in that revolution he played the part of Oliver Cromwell. By unscrupulously taking the lead in its wildest excesses, he obtained the absolute guidance of it. By trampling on laws, he acquired the authority of a legislature. By signalizing himself as the most daring and irreverent of rebels, he raised himself to the dignity of a recognized prince. He commenced his career by the most frantic outrages. He terminated it in the repose of established sovereignity—the author of a new code, the root of a new dynasty. Of Dryden, however, as of almost every man who has been distinguished either in the literary or in the political world, it may be said with much truthfulness that the course which he pursued, and the effect which he produced, depended less on his personal qualities than on the circumstances in which he was placed.

Amid the crowd of authors, during the earlier years of Charles the Second, who courted notoriety by every species of absurdity, Dryden speedily became conspicuous. No man exercised so much influence on the age. On no man did the age exercise so much influence. He was perhaps the greatest of those who have been designated the critical poets, and his literary career exhibited on a reduced scale the whole history of the school to which he belonged, the rudeness and extravagance of its infancy, the propriety, the grace, the dignified good sense, the temperate splendor of its maturity.

The greatest works of Dryden were his "Ode on Saint Cecilia's Day;" his "Macflecnoe;" his "Absolem and Architophel;" his "All for Love;" his "Annus Mirabilis;" his "Hind and Panther," and his "Religio-Laici." Of these, the "Ode on Saint Cecilia's Day," is considered the best—the last of his productions. His critical works are beyond all comparison superior to any which ever appeared in England. His *dicta* are the *dicta* not of a judge, but of an advocate. He was perpetually acting against his better knowledge. He trusted that what was bad would be pardoned for the sake of what was good. What was good he took no pains to make better. His mind was of a slovenly character—fond of splendor, but indifferent to neatness. He may, on the whole, be pronounced to have been a man possessed of splendid talents which he often abused, and of a sound judgment, the admonitions of which he often neglected; a man who succeeded only in an inferior department of his art; but who, in that department, succeeded pre-eminently; and who, with a more independent spirit, a more anxious desire of excellence, and a more respect for himself, would in his own walk have attained to absolute perfection.

WOMAN'S MARRIAGE.

To marry one man, while loving and loved by another, is about the most grievous fault that a woman can commit. It is a sin against delicacy, against kindness and truth. It involves giving that to legal right which is guilty and shameful when given to anything but reciprocal affection. It involves double treachery and a cruelty. It involves wounding the spirit, withering the heart, and perhaps blighting and soiling the soul of the one who is abandoned and betrayed. It involves the speedy disenchantment of the one who is mocked by the shadow where he was promised the substance, and who grasps only the phantom soulless beauty, and the husk, the shell, the skeleton of a dead affection. It entails ceaseless deception at home and abroad, by day and by night, at our downsitting and our uprising—deception in the tenderest and most endearing moments of our existence. It makes the whole of a life a weary, degrading, unrewarded life. A right minded woman could scarcely lay a deeper sin upon her soul, or one more certain to bring down a fearful expiation.

SCIENTIFIC.

A GERMAN scientific journal says that the cracking of mortar through dryness or heat may be prevented by the addition of chloride of lime. Mortar so prepared will stick fast even to glass, metal and similar substances. It is thought that the addition of glycerine might answer the same purpose.

THE German Government has finished the laying of the experimental subterranean telegraph cable between Halle and Berlin. It is pronounced highly successful, in operation, although the laying it was a tedious one—a squad of three hundred men, with twelve horses and wagons, putting down only about two miles a day. The cable used consists of seven strands.

PAGE, HARDING & Co., of the Berkshire (Mass.) glass works have just begun making rolled cathedral glass for church windows and ornamental purposes. They will have it plain and in about 40 shades. It is not made elsewhere in this country, and the Berkshire firm expect to compete successfully with the English glass, both in quality and price.

FOR the protection of workmen who are obliged to handle lead and mercury compounds, the French chemist Melsens recommends daily, but very small doses of iodine of potassium taken internally. Melsens affirms that this substance dissolves the lead or mercurial compounds that are absorbed in the system, and effects their rapid removal.

THE souring and moulding of paste used by bookbinders and workmen in other trades, which, according to circumstances, occurs in about two or three days, may be entirely avoided according to the statement of Herr Lang, by the addition and thorough mixture with the freshly prepared paste of a few drops of salicylic acid. When thus treated, paste may be kept for weeks in a heated room without losing its freshness, and even when it has by long standing become dry and tough, may be at once rendered fluid and serviceable by treatment with hot water.

A NEW industry has sprung into existence in furnishing a substitute for sand or sawdust used in sprinkling the floors of saloons and restaurants. The new material is of paper, and is the cast-off of another industry, namely, the particles accumulating from the process of perforating a heavy paper used in working mottoes for framing, commonly called mats. Instead of being returned to the paper-mills, as heretofore, to be re-made for use, it is saved and sold to saloons and restaurants at a profitable though low figure. Being perfectly white, it has a fine, cleanly appearance, and can be used much longer than sand or sawdust.

A new kind of electric light, lately experimented upon at Berlin, on the roof of the Siemens-Halske works in that city, proved so successful that ordinary writing could be read at a distance of a mile. When the light was thrown toward the clouds, by means of a mirror, there appeared a luminous train thereon, which much resembled a tail of a comet, and drew together great crowds of spectators in the streets. Signals made by the instrument were also repeated upon the clouds, becoming thus visible at a very great distance. The experiments were made in the presence of a large number of artillery and other branches of the Government service, and were continued for nearly two hours. The instrument, which is provided with a locomotive engine, is to be set up in the Tegel artillery polygon for further experiment, the German War Department intending to purchase several of the machines for military use, both afloat and ashore.

CORRESPONDENCE.

F. K.—The bayonet was so called from having been invented in Bayonne, in France.

MAUD.—It is not etiquette for persons in deep mourning to attend evening parties.

B. R. M.—It is not etiquette for mutual recognitions to take place in church during the service.

MINNIE.—Cold cream, if used in moderation, and when requisite, is not injurious to the complexion.

IDA.—The engagement ring is worn on the third finger of the left hand. We do not know the author of the novel you name.

M. D.—Consult your glass. Mere regularity of features does not make a beautiful face if "the mind and the soul be wanting there."

LIZZIE.—Bunions and corns are caused by pressure, and the remedy lies in the removal. Bathe the afflicted parts in a decoction of black tea leaves.

EDITH.—The following will cure sunburn: Put two spoonfuls of fresh cream into half a pint of new milk, squeeze into it the juice of a lemon, half a pint of brandy, and a little alum and loaf-sugar. Boil the whole, skim well, and when cool apply night and morning.

GEORGE.—Eggs can be hatched in Incubators, of which there are several kinds in market. The great trouble comes after the chickens have appeared. The difficulties of properly "mothering" them have prevented chicken raising by this method from being very profitable.

E. J. R.—The Pocket Gymnasium is a conveniently arranged little apparatus made of rubber, to be used in exercising the muscles and expanding the chest. It is useful for those who have no better means at hand for regular exercise. A wood saw and buck, with a few cords of wood will answer an equally good purpose.

NELLIE.—To succeed on the stage requires natural gifts of mind and body, and long and careful training sufficient to discourage any but the most persistent. Better try almost any other calling, is the advice which the successful actors themselves would give you. There is no life so full of temptations and obstacles which almost insures failure.

J. F.—Timidity in love ranks with cowardice in war. It loses the battle. It is an offence against the laws of courtship. Reflect that "faint heart never won fair lady," and be bold, resolute, and withal, modest. There is a wide difference between delicate reserve and a craven fear of giving offence. The worship of a true heart is never an affront to a true woman.

R. S.—The custom of shaking hands originated with the Romans. They had a goddess whose name was "Fides," "Fidelity." She wore a white veil, emblematic of modesty; her symbol was two right hands joined; therefore in all compacts among the Greeks and Romans it was usual to take each other by the hand to signify their intention of keeping the agreement.

TED.—There are bad men in all churches, just as there are wicked people in all classes of society. A particular church, therefore, cannot be charged with the transgressions of its members. But we must say that all material churches are burthened with a larger proportion of the wicked than those which are more spiritually constituted. Those who cling to the flesh must be fleshy.

H. H.—Flowers may be revived by changing the water, and restored by being placed in hot water, deep enough to cover one-third of the stem. When the water is cold the flowers will have become reset; they should then have their stems cut and placed in fresh cold water. A few grains of salt dropped into the water in which the flowers are kept likewise tend to preserve them from fading.

GERANIUM.—To get rid of earth worms from flower pots: set the pot in a pail of water until the earth is soaked enough to let the plant with the adhering soil slip out carefully, so as not to disturb the roots. Place the whole in a pail of water, and wash the earth away. Then repot in new earth which has been carefully sifted and baked, and then properly enriched. If done properly, the plants will show new vigor from the change.

ESTELLE.—The annoyance from the starling men will cease if you resolutely refrain from noticing it, or showing that you are conscious of their existence. To blush, or frown, or in any way show feeling on the subject, will only make such characters more persistent. If these attentions become too annoying, ask the advice of father, brother, or some trustworthy male friend with a strong arm, and the offenders may be taught a lesson in good manners.

MILKING MACHINES. (T. G. Early). There are none invented which can equal the old way of milking by hand. They do not milk the cow clean and so diminish the yield. They are expensive failures, having been widely tried, and mostly, if not wholly, passed out of use. Silver or other tubes inserted to allow the milk to run off are useful in case of accident where immediate relief is needed, and the ordinary method can not be used, but these can not do the regular work properly.

C. ADAMS.—To become a good surveyor it is necessary to become acquainted with arithmetic, algebra, geometry, and trigonometry. These can be learned at the Academy, or if a young man be earnest enough, from books alone without the aid of a teacher. Afterward practice in company with a teacher to learn the use of the necessary instruments will be needed. The compensation of a surveyor is generally good, but it is not always easy to find steady employment.

YOUNG FARMER.—The object of Forestry associations is to encourage the planting of forest trees. There is little doubt that large sections of the country where the forests have been mostly cut off, are suffering in consequence from drouths and sudden storms and freshets in summer. There are immense tracts of rough land almost useless for any purpose other than growing wood, the cultivation of which in this manner would ultimately yield a large income and be of great benefit to the country.

CHICKEN FANCIER.—The Crevecoeur and Houdan fowls were imported to this country from France about ten years since. They are favorites in Europe, and are well liked by those who have tried them here. They are good for eggs and for the table, but like most high-bred stock are more liable to disease than our native stock. If one has range enough there is no better fowl for home use and general purposes than pure bred, Black-breasted Red Game. If there is little room in which to keep them, the Bramahs are superior to most breeds if not really the best.

THE VICAR OF BRAY (W. L. G.).—The Vicar of Bray was named Simon Alayn. He lived in the reigns of Henry VIII., Edward VI., Mary, and Elizabeth. He kept his vicarage by changing his religion according to that of the State for the time being. He stuck, however, by his principle, which was to live and die Vicar of Bray. The modern ballad, "In good King Charles's golden days," makes the Vicar live in the reigns of Charles II., James II., William III., Anne, and George I. The Vicar is sometimes called Pendleton, but Alayn is the historical vicar. He held the office, it is said, from 1540 to 1588.

STATIONER says:—"I am a young man, and in the book-business for myself. My trouble is this: There is a lady friend of mine, with whom I used to keep company before she was married, that has for three or four months been calling at my place of business very often after some little notion or other, and after she gets what she calls for she stays for an hour or more talking, which has caused a number of parties to make remarks about her being at my place of business so often. If I say anything to her she laughs, and says we are old friends. Now, how shall I stop it, without offending her and her husband?" You should manage to be so busy when she calls that you will have no time to talk with her. It is doubtless mere thoughtlessness on her part. As soon as she is led to reflect upon the matter she will probably see how foolish she is acting, and desist from annoying you. If she does not, tell her plainly that she must do so.

WESLEY.—Halloween, or "All-Hallows," originates in the order of the Pope at Rome, who, in 610, ordered that the heathen Pantheon should be converted into a Christian Church, and dedicated to the honor of all Martyrs. The festival was first held on May 1st, but in the year 834, it was changed to November 1st. "Hallows" is from the Saxon *haligus*, to make or keep holy. "All-Soul's Day," the 2d of November, is so called because the Roman Catholics on that day seek by prayer and giving alms to alleviate the sufferings of souls in purgatory. It was first instituted in the monastery of Clugny, in 993. According to tradition, a pilgrim returning from the Holy land, was compelled by a storm to land on a rocky island, where he found a hermit, who told him that among the cliffs of the island was an opening in the infernal regions, through which huge flames ascended, and where the groans of the tormented were distinctly audible. The pilgrim told this to Odilo, Abbot of Clugny, and the Abbot appointed the day following, which was November 2d, to be set apart for the benefit of souls in purgatory.